PHYLASTER.

Or, Loue lyes a Bleeding.

Acted at the Globe by his Maieſties Seruants.

Written by { *Francis Baymont* and *Iohn Fletcher.* } Gent.

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The Actors Names.

KING of Cecely
ARATHVSA, the Princesse.
PHYLASTER.
PHARAMONT, a Spanish Prince,
LEON, a Lord.
GLEREMON } Two Noble Gentlemen.
TRASILIN }
BELLARIO a Page, LEONS daughter.
CALLATEA, a Lady of Honor.
MEGRA, another Lady.
A Waiting Gentlewoman.
Two Woodmen
A Countrey Gallant.
An old Captaine.
And Souldiers.
A Messenger.

PHYLASTER.

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Actus I. *Scœn.* 1.

Enter at ſeuerall doores Lord LYON, TRASILINE *followes him,* CLERIMON *meetes them.*

TRASILINE.

WEll ore tane my Lord.

LYON. Noble friend welcome, and ſee who encounters vs, honourable good *Clerimon.*

CLE. My good Lord *Lyon*, moſt happily met worthy *Traſiline*,
Come gallants, whats the newes,
the ſeaſon affoords vs variety,
the nouiſts of our time runnes on heapes,
to glut their itching eares with airie ſounds,
trotting to'th burſe; and in the Temple walke
with greater zeale to heare a nouall lye,
then a pyous Anthum tho chanted by Cherubins.

TRANS. True Sir:
and holds ſet counſels, to vent their braine ſicke opinions
with preſagements what all ſtates ſhall deſigne.

CLE. Thats as their intelligence ſerues.

LYON And that ſhall ſerue as long as inuention laſtes,
there dreames they relate, as ſpoke from Oracles,
or if the gods ſhould hold a ſynod, and make them their ſecritaries,
they will diuine and prophecie too: but come and ſpeake your

thoughts of the intended marriage with the Spaniſh Prince,
He is come you ſee, and brauely entertainde.

TRAS. Hee is ſo, but not married yet.

CLE. But like to be, and ſhall haue in dowry with the Princeſſe this Kingdome of *Cycele*.

LEON. Soft and faire, there is more will forbid the baines, then ſay amen to the marriage: though the King vſurped the Kingdome, during the non-age of the Prince *Phylaſter*, hee muſt not thinke to bereaue him of it quite; hee is now come to yeares to claime the Crowne.

TRA. And loſe his head i'the askin.g.

LEON. A diadem worn by a headleſſe King wold be wonderous, *Phylaſter* is too weake in power.

CLE. He hath many friends.

LEON. And few helpers.

TRA. The people loue him.

LEON. I grant it, that the King knowes too well,
And makes this Contract to make his faction ſtrong:
Whats a giddy-headed multitude,
That's not Diſciplinde nor trainde vp in Armes,
To be truſted vnto? No, he that will
Bandy for a Monarchie, muſt prouide
Braue marſhall troopes with reſolution armde,
To ſtand the ſhock of bloudy doubtfull warre,
Not danted though diſaſtrous Fate doth frowne,
And ſpit all ſpightfull fury in their face:
Defying horror in her vglieſt forme,
And growes more valiant, the more danger threats;
Or let leane famine her affliction ſend,
Whoſe pining plagues a ſecond hel doth bring,
Thei'le hold their courage in her height of ſpleene,
Till valour win plenty to ſupply them,
What thinke ye, would yer feaſt-hunting Citizens
Indure this?

TRA. No ſir, a faire march a mile out of town that their wiues may bring them their dinners, is the hotteſt ſeruice that they are trained vp to.

CLE. I could wiſh their experience anſwered their loues,
Then ſhould the much too much wrongd *Phylaſter*,
Poſſeſſe his right in ſpight of Don and the diuell.
TRA. My heart is with your wiſhes.
LEON. And ſo is mine,
And ſo ſhould all that loues their true borne Prince,
Then let vs ioyne our Forces with our mindes,
In whats our power to right this wronged Lord,
And watch aduantage as beſt may fit the time
To ſtir the murmuring people vp,
Who is already poſſeſt with his wrongs,
And eaſily would in rebellion riſe,
Which full well the King doth both know and feare,
But firſt our ſeruice wee'le proffer to the Prince,
And ſet our proiects as he accepts of vs;
But huſht, the King is comming.

ſound muſicke within.

Enter the King, PHARAMONT, *the Princeſſe, the Lady* GALLATEA, *the Lady* MEGRA, *a Gentlewoman, with Lords attending, the King takes his ſeate.*

KING. Faire Prince,
Since heauens great guider furthers our intents,
And brought you with ſafety here to arriue
Within our Kingdome and Court of *Cycele*,
We bid you moſt welcome, Princely *Pharamont*,
And that our Kingly bounty ſhall confirme,
Euen whilſt the Heauens hold ſo propitious aſpect
Wee'le crowne your wiſht deſires (with our owne)
Lend me your hand ſweet Prince, hereby enioy
A full fruition of your beſt contents,
The intereſt I hold I doe poſſeſſe you with,
Onely a fathers care, and prayers retaine,
That heauen may heape on bleſſings, take her Prince,
A ſweeter Miſtriſſe then the offered Language of any daine,

were ſhe a Queene whoſe eye ſpeakes common Loues,
and comfort to her ſeruants: Laſt Noble ſon, for ſo I now muſt call you, what I haue done thus publik, is not to add a comfort in particular to you or mee, but all, and to confirme the Nobles and the Gentrie of our Kingdome by oath to your ſucceſſion: which ſhall be within this moneth at moſt.

TRA. This will be hardly done.

CLE. It muſt be ill done, if it be done.

LEON When it is at beſt, twill bee but halfe done,
whilſt ſo braue a gentleman is wrongde and flung off.

TRA. I feare.

CLE. Who dos not?

LEON I feare not for my ſelfe, and yet I feare too:
well, we ſhall ſee, we ſhall ſee: no more.

PHARAMONT Kiſſing your white hand Miſtriſſe I take leaue, to thanke your royall Father: and thus far to be my owne free trompet: vnderſtand great King, and theſe your ſubiects, mine that muſt be, for ſo deſeruing you haue ſpoke me Sir: and ſo deſeruing I dare ſpeake my ſelfe, to what a perſon of what Eminence, ripe expectation, of what faculties, manners and vertues you would wed your Kingdomes, and in me haue your wiſhes: oh this countrey, by more then all the gods, I hold it happy, happy in their deer memories, that haue bin Kings great and good; happy in yours that is, and from you as a Chronicle to keepe your noble name from rotting Age: do I open my ſelfe moſt happy: Gentlemen beleeue me in a word, a Princes word, there ſhalbe nothing to make vp a Kingdome mighty and flouriſhing, defenced feard equall to be commanded and obeyed but through the trauels of my life, ile finde it out, and tie it to this countrey. By all the gods, my Raigne ſhall bee as eaſie to the ſubiects, that euery man ſhall bee his Prince himſelfe, and his owne Law; Yet I his Prince and Law. And deereſt Lady, to your deereſt ſelfe, deere in the choyce of him, whoſe name and luſtre, muſt make you more and mightier: Let mee ſay you are the bleſſedſt liuing: for ſweete Princeſſe, you ſhall inioy a man of men, to bee your ſeruant, you ſhall make him yours, for whom great Queenes muſt die.

TRA. Miracles!

CLE.

CLE. This ſpeech calls him Spaniard, being nothing
but a large Inuentorie of his owne commendations.
LEON. I wonder whats his price?
for certainely he'le ſell him, he has ſo be praiſd his ſhape:

Enter PHYLASTER.

But here comes one, more worthy thoſe large praiſes, then the large ſpeaker of them; Let mee bee ſwallowed quicke, if I can finde all the Anatomy of yon mans vertues vnſeene to ſound enough, to promiſe for him, hee ſhall bee Conſtable by this Sun: he'le ne're make King, vnleſſe it be of trifles in my poore iudgement.
PHI. Right noble ſir, as low as my obedience,
with a heart as loyall as my knee, I beg for fauour.
K. Riſe, you haue it ſir.
LEON. Marke but the King how pale he lookes, he feares,
and this ſame whorſone conſcience, ah how it iades vs.
K. Speake your intents ſir.
PHY. Shall I ſpeake on freely, be ſtill my royall Soueraigne.
K. As a ſubiect we giue you freedome.
LEON. Now it heates.
PHY. Then thus I turne my language to you Prince, you forraigne man here ſtart, nor put on wonder; you muſt indure mee, and you ſhal: This earth you tread vpon, a dowry as you hope with this ſweet Princeſſe, whoſe memory I bow to, was not left by my dead father, O I had a father: to your inheritance, and I vp and liuing, hauing my ſelfe about me and my ſword the ſoules of all my name and memories: theſe armes and ſome few friends beſides the gods to part ſo calmely with it, and ſit ſtill and ſay I might haue bin, I tell thee *Pharamont*, when thou art King, looke I be dead and rotten, and my name aſhes, as I: for heare mee *Pharamont*, this very ground thou goeſt on, this fat earth my fathers friends made firtile with their faiths: before that day of ſhame ſhall gape and ſwallow thee and thy nation, like a hungry graue into his hidden bowels: Prince it ſhall, by the iuſt gods it ſhall.
PHA. Hee's mad, beyond cure mad.
LEON. Heres a fellow has ſome fire in his vaines,
the outlandiſh Prince lookes like a tooth-drawer.
PHY. I Prince of popines, I will make it well appeare

to you I am not mad.
K. You diſpleaſe vs, you are too bold.
PHI. No ſir, I am too tame, too much a Turcle,
A thing borne without paſſion, a faint ſhaddow:
That euery drunken clowde ſayles ouer,
And make nothing.
KING. I doe not fancy this choller,
Sure hee's ſomewhat tainted.
TRA. I doe not thinke twill proue ſo.
LEON. Has giuen him a generall purge already, for all the right hē has, and now he meanes to let him bloud: be conſtant gentle heauens, I'le run his hazard although I runne my name out of the Kingdome.
CLE. Peace, we are all one ſoule.
PHA. What you haue ſeene in me to ſtirre offencē, I cannot finde, vnleſſe it be this Lady offered into my armes, with the ſucceſſion which I muſt keepe: though is hath pleaſde your fure to muteny within you, without diſputing, your *Geneallegies* or taking knowledge whoſe branch you are, the King will leaue it to me, and I dare make it mine: you haue your anſwere.
PHI. If thou wert ſole inheriter to him
That made the world his,
And couldſt ſee no Sunne ſhine vpon any thing but thine,
Were *Pharamont* as truely valiant as I feele him cold,
And ringd amongſt the choyceſt of his friends: ſuch
As would bluſh to talke ſuch cerious follies,
Or backe ſuch belied commendations: and from his preſence
Spit all thoſe bragges, you ſhould heare further from me.
K. Sir, you wrong the Prince, I gaue you not this freedome, go to, be better temperde.
PHI. It muſt be ſir, when I am noblier vſde.
LEON. Ladyes, this would haue bin a patterne of ſucceſſion,
Had he neuer met this miſchiefe: by my life this is
The worthieſt: the true name of man this day within
My knowledge.
ME. I cannot tell what you may call knowledge,

but

but i'mſure tothers the man ſet in my eye,
Oh tis a Prince of wax.
GAL. A dog it is.
K. *Phylaſter*, tell me the iniuries you aime at in your riddles.
PHI. If you had my eyes ſir and ſufferance,
My griefe vpon you, and my broken fortunes,
My wants great, and now nothing hopes and feares,
My wrongs would make ill riddles to be laught at:
Dare you be ſtill my King, and right me.
K. Giue me your wrongs in priuat. (*Phy: whiſpers the King.*
CLE. He dares not ſtand the ſhocke.
LEON. I cannot blame him, theres danger int.
Euery man in this Age has a ſoule of Chriſtall, to read their actions, though mens faces are ſo farre aſunder, that they hold no intelligence: but view the ſtranger well, and you ſhall ſee a feauer throw all his braueries, and feele him ſhacke like a true truant, if hee giue not backe his Crowne againe, vpon the report of an elder gun: I am no augery.
K. Go to, be more your ſelfe, as you reſpect our fauour, youle ſtirre vs elſe: ſir I muſt haue you know, that you are, and ſhalbe at our pleaſure, what faſhion we will put vpon you, ſmooth your ſelfe, ore or by the gods
PHI. I am dead ſir, you are my Fate, it was not I ſayde I was wrongd, I carry all about me, my weake ſtarres lead me too: all my weake fortunes, who dare in all this preſence ſpeake, that is but man of fleſh, and may bee mortall, tell me, I doe not moſt intirely loue this Prince, and honour his full vertues.
K. Hees poſſeſt.
PHI. Yes, with my fathers ſpirit is heare O king,
a dangerous ſpirit, and now he tels me king,
I was a kings Heire, bids me be a king, and whiſpers
to me, theſe are all my ſubiects, tis ſtrange he will
not let me ſleepe: but diues into my fancy, and there
giues me ſhapes that kneele and doe me ſeruice,
crie me king, but i'le ſuppreſſe him, heas a factious
ſpirit and will vndoe me: Noble ſir your hand,
I am your ſeruant.

K. Away I doe not like this,
I'le make you tamer, or i'le diſpoſſeſſe you both of your life & ſpirit:
for this time I pardon your wild ſpeech, without ſo much as impri-
ſonment.

LYON I thanke you ſir, you dare not for the people.

TRA. Ladies what thinke you now of this braue fellow.

ME. A pretie talking fellow hot at hand: but eye yon ſtranger,
is hee not a fine compleat Gentleman? O theſe ſtrangers, I doe af-
fect them ſtrangely, they doe the rareſt home things, and pleaſe the
fulleſt, as I liue I could loue all their Nation ouer and ouer for his
ſake.

LAD. Gods comfort, your poore head-peece tis a weake one, and
has need of an night-cap. *Exeut Ladies.*

LYON See how his fancy labours, has hee not ſpoke home and
brauely, what a dangerous traine did he giue fire to, how hee ſhoke
the King, made his ſoule melt within him, and his bloud runne into
whay: it ſtood vpon his browe like a cold winter dew.

PHY. Gentlemen, you haue no ſute to mee, I am no mynion, you
ſtand mee thinkes, like men that would bee Courtiers, if you could
well be flattered at a price not to vndo your Children, you are al ho-
neſt, goe get you home againe, and make your Countrey a vertuous
Court, to which your great ones may, in their diſeaſed age, retire
liue recluſes.

CLE. How doe your worth ſir.

PHY. Well, very well, and ſo well, that if the King pleaſe,
I may liue many yeares.

LYON Sir, the King muſt pleaſe:
Whilſt we know who you are, and what you are, your wrongs and
vertues ſhrinke not worthy ſir: but call your father to you, in whoſe
name we'le waken all the gods, and coniure vp the rods of vengance,
the abuſed people, who like raging torants ſhall ſwell hie: and ſo
begirt the dens of theſe Male-dragons, that through the ſtrongeſt
ſafety they ſhall beg for mercy at your ſwords point.

PHY. Friend no more, our eares may be corrupted, tis an Age
we dare not truſt our wils to, doe you loue me?

TRAS. Doe we loue heauen and honour?

PHY. My Lord *Lyon* you had a vertuous Gentlewoman

cald

cald you father, is ſhe yet aliue.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

LEON. Moſt honourd ſir ſhee is, and for a penance but of an idle dreame, has vndertooke a tedious pilgrimage.

PHI. I'ſt to me, or to any of theſe Gentlemen you come.

GENT. WOO. To you, braue Lord, the Princeſſe would intreate your preſent company.

PHI. The Princeſſe ſend for me, you are miſtaken,

GENT. WOO. If you be cald *Phylaſter*, tis you.

PHI. Kiſſe her faire hand, and ſay I will attend her.

LEON. Doe you know what you doe? *Exit Gent. woo.*

PHI. Yes, go to ſee a woman.

CLE. But doe you way the danger you are in?

PHI. Danger in a ſweete face: By *Iubiter* I muſt not feare a woman.

TRA. But are you ſure it was the Princeſſe ſent,
It may be ſome foule traine to catch your life.

PHI. I dare not thinke it Gentlemen, ſhee's noble, her eye may ſhoote mee dead, or thoſe true red and white fiend frends in her cheekes, may ſteale my ſoule out, there's all the danger int: but bee what may, her ſingle name hath armde me. *Exit* PHILASTER.

LEON. Goon, and be as truely happy as thou art feareleſſe:
Come Gentlemen, lets make our friends acquainted, leſt the king prooue falſe. *Exit Gentlemen.*

Enter Princeſſe and her Gentlewoman.

PRIN. Comes he not.

WOO. Madame?

PRIN. Will *Phylaſter* come?

WOO. Deare Madame, you were wont to credit me at the firſt.

PRIN. But didſt thou tell me ſo.
I am forgetfull, and my womans ſtrength is ſo ore chargde, with dangers like to grow about my marriage, that theſe vnder things dares not abide in ſuch a troubled ſea, how lookt hee when hee told thee he would come?

WOO. Why well.

PRIN. And not a little fearefull.

WOO. Feare Madame, ſure he knowes not what it is,

PRIN. You all are of his faction, the whole Court is bold in praiſe of him, whilſt I may liue neglected, and doe noble things, as fooles in ſtrife throw gold into the ſea, drownde in the doing: but I know he feares.

WO. Madame, mee thoughts his lookes hid more of loue then feare.

PRIN. Of loue, to whom:. to you, did you deliuer thoſe plaine words I ſent, with ſuch a woing ieſture and puicke lookes that you haue caught.

WO. Madam I meaue to you.

PRIN. Of loue to me: alas, thy ignorance lets thee not ſee the croſſes of our births, nature that loues not to be queſtioned: why ſhee did this, or that, but has his ends, and knowes ſhe dos well: neuer gaue the world to things ſo oppoſite, ſo bound to put as he and I am, if a boule of bloud drawne from this arme, would poiſon thee, a draught of his would cure thee: loue to me.

WO. Madame, I thinke I heare him.

PRIN. Bring him in: you gods that will not haue your dens withſtood, whoſe holy wiſedomes at this time it is to make
the paſſions of a feeble maid, the way into your
Iuſtice, I obay. *Enter* PHILASTER.

WO. Here is my Lord *Phylaſter.*

PRIN. Oh it is well, withdraw your ſelfe.

PHI. Madame, your meſſenger.
made me beleeue you wiſht to ſpeake with me.

PRIN. Tis true *Phylaſter*, but the words are ſuch I haue to ſay, and dos ſo ill become the mouth of woman,
that I wiſh them ſaid, and yet am loth to ſpeake them.
Haue you knowne that I haue ought detracted
from your worth: haue I in perſon wrongd you?
or haue ſet my baſer Inſtrumnts to throw diſgrace
vpon your vertues.

PHI. Neuer madame you.

PRIN. Why then ſhould you in ſuch a publike place,
Iniury a Princeſſe, and a ſcandall lay vpon my fortunes,
found to be ſo great: calling a great part of my dowry in queſtion.

PHI. Madame

PHI. Madame, this truth which I ſhall ſpeakē, wilbe
fooliſh: but for your faire vertuous ſelfe, I could affoord
my ſelfe to haue no right to any thing you wiſht.
PRIN. *Phylaſter*, know I muſt inioy theſe Kingdomes.
PHI. Madame both?
PRIN. Both, or I do, by heauen I die *Phylaſter*,
if I not calmely die inioy them both,
PHI. I would doe much to ſaue that noble life,
yet would be loth to haue poſterity finde in our ſtories,
that *Phylaſter* gaue his right vnto a Scepter and a Crowne,
to ſaue a Ladies longing.
PRIN. Nay then heare, I muſt and will haue them, and more.
PHI. What more?
PRIN. Or loſe that little life the gods prepar'd,
to trouble this poore peece of earth withall.
PHI. Madame, what more?
PRIH. Turne then away thy face.
PHI. No. PRIN. Doe.
PHI. I can indure it: turne away my face,
I neuer ſaw yet enemy that lookt ſo dreadfully,
But that I thought my ſelfe as great a baſſaliske as he,
Or ſpeake ſo horrible, but that I thought my tongue
Bore thunder vnderneath as much as his:
Nor beaſt that I could turne from, ſhall I then begin,
To feare ſweete ſounds, a womans tongue, whom I do loue,
Say you would haue my life, why I will giue it you,
For it is of mee a thing ſo loath'd, and vnto you that beg,
Of ſo poore vſe, that I ſhall make no price,
If you intreat, I will vnmouedly heare.
PRIN. Yet for my ſake a little bend thy looks. PHI. I do.
PRIN. Then know I muſt haue them and thee. PHI. And me!
PRIN. Thy loue, without which, all the land diſcouerd yet,
will ſerue me for no vſe, but to be buried in. PHI. I'ſt poſſible.
PRI. With it, it were too little to beſtow on thee, now though thy
breath ſtrike me dead, which know it may, I haue vnript my breaſt.
PHI. Madam, you are too full of noble thoughts,
to lay a traine for this contemned life,

which you might haue for asking, to ſuſpect were baſe, where I deſerue no ill: loue you by all my hopes, I doe aboue my life, but how this paſſion ſhould proceed from you ſo violently, would amaze a man that would be Iealous.

PRIN. Another ſoule into my body ſhot,
Could not haue fild me with more ſtrength and ſpirit,
Then this thy breath, but ſpend not haſtie time
In ſeeking how I came thus: tis the gods that make me ſo,
And ſure our loue will be the worthier, and the better
Bleſt, in that the ſecret iuſtice of the gods
Is mingled with it: let vs leaue, and kiſſe, leſt ſome
Vnwelcom'd gueſt ſhould fall betwixt vs,
And we ſhould part without it.

PHY. T'will be ill I ſhould abide here long.

PRIN. Tis true, and worſe you ſhould come often.
How ſhall we deuiſe to hold intelligence?
That our true loues, on an new occaſion may agree,
What path is beſt to tread.

PHY. I haue a boy, ſent by the gods, I hope to this intent, not yet ſeene in the Court, hunting the buck I found him ſitting by a fountaine ſide, of which he borrowed ſome, to quench his thirſt, and payd the nymph as much againe in teares: a Garland lay him by, made by himſelfe, of many ſeuerall flowers, bred in the vayle, ſtucke in that miſtick order that the rareneſſe delighted me, but euer when he turn'd his tender eye vpon vm, he would weepe as if he meant to make them grow againe, ſeeing ſuch prety helpleſſe innocence dwel in his face: I askt him all his ſtory, he told me that his parents gentle dyed, leauing him to the mercy of the fields: which gaue him roots, & of the chriſtall ſprings, which did not ſtop the courſe, and the Sun, which ſtill he thankt, it yeelded him his life: then tooke hee vp his garland, and did ſhew what euery flower, as countrey people hold, did ſignifie, and how all ordered thus expreſt his griefe, and to my thoughts did read the pretieſt lecture of his countrey art, that could be wiſht, ſo that me thoughts I could haue ſtudied it, I gladly entertainde him, whom was glad to follow: and haue got the truſtieſt, louingeſt, and the gentleſt boy that euer maiſter kept, him wil I ſend to wayte on you and beare our hidden loue.

PRIN. Tis

PRIN. Tis well, no more.

Enter woman.

WOO. Madame, the Prince is come to doe his ſeruice,
PRIN. What will you *Phylaſter* doe with your ſelfe?
PHY. Why? that which all the gods haue appointed out for me.
PRIN. Deare, hide thy ſelfe, bring in the Prince.
PHI. Hide me from *Pharamont*:
When thunder ſpeakes, which is the voyce of God,
Though I doe reuerence, yet I doe not hide my ſelfe,
And ſhall a ſtranger Prince haue leaue to bragge
Vnto a forraigne Nation, that he made *Phylaſter* hide himſelfe.
PRIN. He cannot know it.
PHY. Though it ſhould ſleepe for euer to the world,
it is a ſimple ſin to hide my ſelfe, which will for euer
on my conſcience lie.
PRIN. Then good *Phylaſter* giue him ſcope and way
in what he ſayes: for he is apt to ſpeake
what you are loath to heare.
PHI. I will.

Enter PHARAMONT *and a woman.*

PHAR. My Princely Miſtriſſe, as true louers ought,
I come to kiſſe theſe faire hands, & to ſhew in outward ceremonies,
the deare loue within my heart.
PHI. If I ſhall haue an anſwer or no, derectly I am gone.
PHA. To what? what would he haue anſwer?
PRIN. To his claime vnto the Kingdome.
PHA. Sira, I forbare you before the King.
PHI. Good ſir doe ſo ſtill, I would not talke with you.
PHA. But now the time is fitter, doe but offer to make mention of
right to any kingdome, though it lie ſcarce habitable.
PHI. Good ſir let me goe.
PHA. And by the gods
PHI. Peace *Pharamont*, if then
PRIN. Leaue vs *Phylaſter*.
PHI. I haue done.

PHI. You ſhall not need.
PHA. What now?
PHI. Know *Pharamont* I loath to brawle with ſuch a blaſt as thou, who art nothing but a valiant voyce, but if thou ſhalt prouoke mee further, men ſhall ſay thou wert, and not lament it.
PHA. Doe you ſleight my greatneſſe ſo much,
and in the chamber of the Princeſſe?
PHI. It is a place to which I muſt confeſſe, I owe a reuerence, but were the Church at the high Altar, there's no place ſo ſafe, where thou darſt iniurie me, but I dare kill thee: and for your greatneſſe, know I can graſp you and your greatneſſe, thus, thus, into nothing: giue not a word, not a word back, farewell. *Exit.*
PHA. 'Tis an odd fellow Madame, wee muſt ſtop his mouth with ſome office when we are married.
PRIN. You were beſt make him your Controuler.
PHA. I thinke he would diſcharge it well.
Madame, I hope our hearts are knit, but yet ſo ſlow, the ceremonies of ſtate are, that twill bee long before our hearts bee ſo, then if you pleaſe being agreed in heart, let vs not waite for dreaming forme, but take a little ſtolne delights, and ſo preuent our ioyes to come.
PRIN. If you dare ſpeake your thoughts, I muſt with-draw in honour. *Exit Princeſſe.*
PHA. The conſtetution of my body will neuer hold out
till the wedding, I muſt ſeeke elſe where.

Exit PHA.

Actus 2. Scœn. 2.

Enter PHYLASTER, *and his boy, called* BELLARIO.

PHI. And thou ſhalt finde her honourable, boy full of regard
Vnto thy tender youth, for thy owne modeſty,
And for my ſake, apter to giue, then thou wilt be to aske,
I or deſerue.
BOY. Sir, you did take me vp when I was nothing,
And I am onely yet ſome thing, by being yours,

You

You truſted me vnknowne: and that which you were apt to conſter: a ſimple innocence in me: perhaps might haue beene crafty: The cunning of a boy hardened in lyes: and theft: yet ventered you to part my miſeries and me: For which I neuer can expect to ſerue a Lady: that beares more honour in her breſt then you.

PHY. But boy, it will preferre thee, thou art yong,
And bear'ſt a childiſh ouer-flowing loue, to them that claps thy cheekes, and ſpeake thee faire: but when iudgement comes no rule thoſe paſſions, thou wilt remember beſt thoſe careſull friends, that pla'ſt thee in the nobleſt way of life: ſhe is a Princeſſe I preferre thee to.

BOY. In that ſmall time that I haue ſeene the world,
I neuer knewe a man haſtie to part with a ſeruant he thought truſty.
I remember my father would preferre the boyes he kept to greater men then he, but did it not till they were too ſawcy for himſelfe.

PHY. Why gentle boy? I find no fault at all
In thy behauiour.

BOY. Sir, if I haue made a fault of ignorance,
Inſtruct my youth, I ſhall be willing: if not apt to learne,
Age and experience will adorne my mind with larger
Knowledge, and if I haue done a wilfull fault
Thinke me not paſt all hope: for once
What maiſter holds ſo ſtrickt a hand ouer his boy,
That he will part with him without one warning,
Let me be corrected, to breake my ſtubborneneſſe,
If it be ſo, rather then turne me off,
And I ſhall mend.

PHY. Thy loue dos plead ſo prettily to ſtay,
That truſt me I could weepe to part with thee:
Alas, I do not turne thee off: thou knowſt it is my buſineſſe
That dos call thee hence, and when thou art with her,
Thou dweſt with me, thinke ſo, and tis ſo, and when time is full
That thou haſt well diſcharged this heauy truſt,
Layd on ſo weake a one: I will againe with ioy,
Receiue thee, as I liue I will, nay, weepe
Not, gentle boy, tis more then time thou didſt attend the Princeſſe.

BOY. I am gone, but ſince I am to part with you my Lord, and none knowes whether I ſhall liue to doe more ſeruice for you, take this little prayer: Heauen bleſſe your loues, your ſighes, all your deſignes, may ſick men if they haue your wiſh, be well, and heauens hate thoſe you curſe, though I be one. *Exit boy.*

PHI. The loue of boyes vnto their Lords is ſtrange, I haue read wonders of it: yet this boy for my ſake, if a man may iudge by looks and ſpeech, would out doe ſtory. I muſt ſee a day to pay him for his loyaltie. *Exit.*

Enter PHARAMOND.

PHA. Why ſhould theſe Ladies ſtay ſo long, they muſt
Come this way, I know the Queene imployes vm not,
For the reuerend mother ſent me word,
They would all be for the garden: if they ſhould all
Proue honeſt now, I were in a faire taking:
I was neuer ſo long without ſport before in my life,
And in my conſcience tis not my fault.

Enter GALLATEA.

Oh for our countrey Ladies, here's one boulted,
I'le hound at her. Madame.

GAL. Your grace.

PHA. Shall I not be a trouble?

GAL. Not to me ſir.

PHA. Nay, nay, y'are too quicke by this ſweete hand.

GAL. You'le bee forſworne ſir, tis an olde gloue, if you will talke at diſtance I am for you, but good Prince be not baudy, nor doe not brag, thoſe two I onely barre, and then I thinke I ſhall haue ſence enough to anſwer all the waighty *Apothegmes* your royall bloud ſhal manage.

PHA. Deare Lady, can you loue?

GAL. Deare Prince, how deare? I ne're coſt you a Couch yet, nor put you to the deare repentance of a play and a banquet, here's no Scarlet ſir, to make you bluſh, this is my owne hayre, and this face has bin ſo farre from being deare to any, that it ne're coſt a peny painting, and for the reſt of my poore wardrop ſuch as you ſee, it leaues no hand behind it, to make the iealous ſilke-mans wife curſe our doing.

PHA. Vou

PHA. You much miſtake me Lady.
GAL. Lord I doe ſo, would you or I could helpe it.
PHA. Y'are very dangerous bitter, like a potion.
GAL. No ſir, I do not mean to purge you, though I meane to purge a little time on you.
PHA. Do Ladies of this Countrey vſe to giue no more reſpect to men of my full being.
GAL. Full being, I vnderſtand you not, vnleſſe your grace
Meanes growing to fatneſſe: and then your onely remedy
Vpon my knowledge Prince, is in a morning,
A cup of neate white wine, brewd with Cardus,
Then faſt till ſupper, about fiue you may eate, vſe exerciſe,
And keepe a ſparrow hawke, you can ſhoot in a Tiller,
But of all, your grace muſt flie Flebotamie,
Freſh porke and Conger, and clarified whay:
They are dullers of the vitall anymales.
PHA. Lady you talke of nothing all this time.
GAL. Tis very true ſir, I talke of you.
PHA. This is a crafty wench, I like her wit well,
'Twill be rare to ſtir vp a leaden appetite,
Shee's daintie, and muſt be courted with a ſhewer of gold,
Madame looke here, all theſe and more, then ----
GA. What ha you there my Lord, gold? now as I liue tis faire gold, you'd haue ſiluer fort, to play with the Pages, you could not haue taken me in a worſe time ſir, but if you haue preſent vſe my Lord, i'le ſend my man with ſiluer, and keepe your gold ſafe for you.
She ſlips behind the Orras.
PHA. Lady, Lady.
GAL. Shes comming ſir behind,
Will ye take white money yet for all this. *Exit*
PHA. If there be but two ſuch in this Kingdome more, and neere the Court, we may ene hang vp our harpes, ten ſuch Campher Conſtitutions as this would call the golden age againe in queſtion, and teach the old way for euery ill faſt husband, to get his owne children, and what a miſchiefe that would breed, let all conſider.
Enter MEGRA.
Heres's another, if ſhe be of the ſame laſt, the diuell ſhall pluck her

on: Many faire mornings Lady.
ME. As many mornings, bring as many dayes,
faire, ſweete, and hopefull to your grace.
PHA. She giues good words yet, ſure this wench is free.
If your more cerious buſineſſe doe not call you Lady,
Let me hold quarter with you, wee'le talke an houre
Ont quickly.
ME. What would your grace talke of?
PHA. Of ſome ſuch pretie ſubiect as your ſelfe,
I'le go no further then your eye, your lip, theres time enough
For one man for an Age.
ME. Sir, they ſtand right, and my lips are yet euen ſmooth,
Young enough, ripe enough, and red enough,
Or my glaſſe wrongs me.
PHA. O they are two twend Cherries dyde in bluſh,
Which thoſe faire ſunnes aboue with their deepe beames
Reflect vpon, and ripen, ſweeteſt beauty,
Bow downe thoſe branches, that the longing taſte
Of the ſweete looker on, may meete theſe bleſſings,
And taſte and liue. *They kiſſe.*
ME. O delicate ſweete Prince, ſhee that hath ſnow enough about her heart, to take the wanton ſpring of ten ſuch lynes, it may bee a number without Probatum. Sir, you haue by ſuch neate Poetrie gathered a kiſſe, that if I had but fiue lines of that number, ſuch pretie begging blankes: I ſhould commend your forehead, or your cheekes, and kiſſe you too.
PHA. Doe it in proſe,
you cannot miſſe it Madame.
ME. I ſhall, I ſhall.
PHA. By my life but you ſhall not,
I'l prompt you firſt,
Can you doe it now?
ME. Me thinkes tis eaſie now you ha dont before me,
and yet I ſhould ſticke at it.
PHA. Sticke till to morrow, ile neuer part you ſweeteſt,
but we loſe time. Can you loue me?
ME. Loue you my Lord [illegible] ye?
PHA. Ile

PHA. I'le teach you in a ſhort ſentence,
Cauſe I will not load your memory,
This is all: Loue me and lie with me.
ME. Was it lie with you, that you ſaid, tis impoſſible.
PHA. Not to a willing minde, that wil endeauour,
If I doe not teach you to doe it as eaſily in one night,
As you'le go to bed: I'le loſe my royall bloud for't.
ME. Why Prince you haue a Lady of your owne,
that yet wants teaching.
PHA. I'le ſooner teach a mare the old meaſures,
Then teach her any thing belonging to the function,
Shee's affraid to lie with her ſelfe,
If ſhe haue but my maſcaline imagination about her,
I know when we are married, I muſt rauiſh her.
ME. By my honour thats a foule fault indeed,
But time and your good helpe will weare it out ſir.
PHA. And for my other I ſee excepting your deere ſelfe,
deereſt Lady I had rather be Sir *Timen* a ſchoolemaiſter,
and keepe a darie maid.
ME. Has your grace ſeene the Court ſtarre *Gallatea*.
PHA. Out vpon her, ſhees as cold of her fauour,
as an appaplex: ſhe ſaild by but now.
ME. How do you hold her wit?
PHA. I hold her wit, the ſtrength of all the guard
Cannot hold it, if they were tied toot:
She would blow vm out of the kingdome: they talke of *Iubiter*,
Hees but a ſquib-cracker to her, but ſpeake ſweet Lady,
Shall I be freely welcome?
ME. Whether?
PHA. To your bed, if you miſtruſt my faith, you doe me the moſt
vnnobleſt wrong.
ME. I dare not Prince.
PHA. Make your owne conditions, my purſe ſhall ſeale vm,
and what you dare imagine you can want,
i'le furniſh you withall, giue worſhip to you thoughts
euery morning about it, come I know y'are baſhfull,
ſpeake in my eare, will you be mine: keepe this, and with

it me, ſoone I ſhall viſit you.

Me. My Lord, my chamber's moſt vncertaine, but when tis night i'le finde ſome meanes to ſlip into your lodging, till when

Pha. Till when, this and my heart go with thee. *Exit ambo.*

Enter Gallatea, *from behind the Orras.*

Gal. Oh thou pernitious perticote Prince, are theſe your vertues, well, if I doe not lay a traine to blow your ſport vp, I am no woman, and Lady Dowſabell, i'le fit you for it. *Exit.*

Enter Princeſſe and her Gentlewoman.

Prin. Where's the boy?

Wo. Within.

Prin. Gaue you him gold to buy him clothes?

Wo. I did.

Prin. And has he don't?

Wo. Yes Madam. *Enter* Gallatea.

Prin. Tis a pretie ſad talking boy, i'ſt not, askt you his name?

Wo. No Madame.

Prin. O, you are welcome, what good newes?

Gal. As good as any one can tell your grace, that ſayes, ſhe has done that you would haue wiſht.

Prin. Haſt thou diſcouered?

Gal. I haue ſtraind a point of modeſty for you.

Prin. I prethee how?

Gal. In liſtning after bawdry: I ſee, let a Lady liue neuer ſo moſt deſtly, they ſhall be ſure to finde a lawfull time, to harken after bawdry, your Prince braue *Pharamont* was ſo hot ont.

Prin. With whom?

Gal. Why with the Lady I ſuſpected, I can tell the time and place.

Prin. O when and where?

Gal. To night, his lodging.

Prin. Run thy ſelfe into the preſents: mingle there againe with other Ladies, leaue the reſt to me, if deſtinie to whom wee dare not ſay, why thou didſt this, haue not decreed it ſo, in laſting leaues: whoſe ſmalleſt characters was neuer altred, yet this match ſhall breake: where's the boy. *Enter Boy.*

Wo. Here Madame.

Prin. Sir,

PRIN. Sir, your ſad to change your ſeruice, i'ſt not ſo?
BOY. Madame, I haue not chang'd, I waite on you to doe him ſeruice.
PRIN. Then truſt in me, tell me thy name.
BOY. *Bellario.*
PRIN. Thou canſt ſing and play.
BOY. If griefe will giue me leaue Madame, I can.
PRIN. Alas, what kinde of griefe can thy yeares know,
Hadſt thou a croſſe ſchoole-maiſter when thou went'ſt to ſchoole?
Thou art not capable of other griefe,
Thy browes and cheekes are ſmooth as water be,
When no breath troubles them: beleeue me boy,
Care ſeekes wrinckled browes, and hollow eyes,
And builds it ſelfe caues to abide in them,
Come ſir, tell me truely, doth your Lord loue me?
BOY. I know not Madame, what it is.
PRIN. Canſt thou know griefe, and neuer yet knewſt loue,
Thou art deceiud boy, dos he ſpeake of me,
As if he wiſht me well?
BOY. If it be loue to forget all reſpect to his owne friends, with thinking of your face: if it bee loue to ſit croſſe armde, and thinke away the day, with mingling ſtarts, and crying your name as lowde as men in ſtreetes doe fire: if it bee loue to weepe himſelfe away, when hee but heares of any woman dead or kild, becauſe it might haue bin your chance: if when hee goes to reſt, which will not bee, twixt euery praier he ſaies, to name you once as others drop beades, be to be in loue, then Madame I dare ſweare he loues yee.
PRIN. O y'are a cunning boy, and taught to your Lords credit,
But thou know'ſt a lie that beares this ſound,
Is welcomer to me then any truth that ſayes
He loues me not: lead the way boy, doe you attend me too,
Tis thy Lords buſineſſe hafts me thus away.

Exit.

Enter the three Gentlewomen, MEGRA, GALLATEA, *and another Lady.*

TRA. Come Ladies, ſhal we talke a round, as men do walke a mile,

women ſhould talke an houre after ſupper,
tis their exerciſe.
GAL. Tis late.
ME. Tis all my eyes will doe to lead me to my bed.
GAL. I feare theyre ſo heauy youle ſcarce finde the way to your owne lodging with vm to night.

Enter PHARAMON *the Princeſſe boy, and a woman.*

TRA. The Prince.
PHA. Not abed Ladyes, yare good fitters vp, what thinke you of a pleaſing dreame to laſt till morning?
GAL. I ſhall choſe my Lord a pleaſing wake before it.
PRIN. Tis well yare courting of theſe Ladyes,
i'ſt not late Gentlemen?
GAL. Yes madame.
PRIN. Waite you there. *Exit Princeſſe.*
ME. Shee's iealous as I'litte, looke my Lord,
the Princeſſe a *Hulus* an *Adonis*,
PAR. His forme is angel-like.
ME. Why this is that, muſt when you are wed ſit by
Your pillow, like young *Appollo*, with his hand
and voyce, binding your thoughts in ſleepe, the Princeſſe
dos prouide him for you, and for her ſelfe.
PHA. I finde no muſicke in theſe boyes.
ME. Nor I, they can doe little, and that ſmall they doe,
they haue not wit to hide it.
LEON. Serues he the Princeſſe?
TRA. Yes.
LEON. Tis a ſweete boy, how braue ſhe keepes him.
PHA. Ladies all good reſt, I meane to kill a buck,
to morrow morning, ere you haue done your dreames.
ME. All happineſſe attend your grace,
Gentlemen good reſt, ſhall we to bed?
GAL. Yes, all good night.
LEON. May your dreames be true to you,
What ſhall we doe Gallants? tis late.

Enter

Enter the King, the Princeſſe, and a guard.

The king is vp ſtill, ſee he comes,
a guard along with him.

KING. Looke your intelligence be true.

PRIN. Vpon my life it is, and I doe hope your Highneſſe will not tie me to a man, that in the heate of woing, throwes me off, and takes another.

LEON. What ſhould this meane?

K. If it be true, that Lady had beene better imbraſt cureleſſe diſeaſes: get you to your reſt, you ſhalbe righted; Gentlemen draw neere, we ſhall imploy ye.
Is young *Pharamont* come to his lodging?

LEON. I ſaw him enter there.

KING. Haſte ſome of you, and cunningly diſcouer,
if *Megra* be in her lodging. *Exit* LEON.

LEON. Sir ſhe parted hence but now with other Ladyes.

KING. If ſhee bee there, we ſhall not neede to make a vaine diſcouerie of our ſuſpition, you gods I ſee, that who vnrighteouſly holds wealth or ſtate from others, ſhall be curſt in that which meaner men are bleſt withall: Ages to come, ſhall know no male of him, left to inherit, and his name ſhalbe blotted from the earth, if hee haue any child, it ſhalbe croſſly matcht, the gods themſelues ſhall ſowe wild ſtrife betwixt her Lord and her: yet if it be your wils forgiue the ſinne I haue committed, let it not fall vpon this vndeſeruing child, if ſhe has not broke your lawes, but how could I looke to be heard of gods, that muſt be iuſt, praying vpon the ground; I hold in wrong.

Enter LEON.

LEO. Sir I haue askt, and her women ſweare ſhe is within, but they I thinke are baudes, I tolde vm I muſt ſpeake with her, they laught, and ſaid their Lady lay ſpeechleſſe: I ſaid my buſineſſe was important, they ſaid their Lady was about it: I grew hot, and cried, my buſineſſe was a matter that concern'd life and death, they anſwered ſo was ſleeping, at which their Lady was: I vrg'd againe ſhee had ſcarce time to bee ſo, ſince laſt I ſaw her, they ſmilde againe, and ſeemde to inſtruct mee, that ſleeping was nothing

but lying downe and winking, anſwers more direct, I could not get from them, in ſhort ſir, ſhee's not there.

KING. Tis then no time to dally, you a'the guard, wait at the backdoore of the Princes lodging, and ſee that none paſſe thence vpon your liues: Knock Gentlemen, knock lowde, what has your pleaſure taken off your hearing: I'le breake your meditation, knock againe, and lowder, not yet, I do not thinke he ſleepes, hauing ſuch larumes by him, once more, *Pharamont.* *They knock.*

Enter Pharamant aboue.

PHA. What ſawcy groome knocks at this dead of night, where be our waiters, by my vexed ſoule he meetes his death, that meetes me for this boldneſſe.

K. Prince, Prince, you wrong your thoughts, wee are your friends, come downe.

PHA. The king?

KING. The ſame ſir.

Come downe ſir, we haue cauſe of preſent counſell with you,

PHA. If your grace pleaſe to vſe mee, i'le attend you to your chamber.

K. No, tis too late Prince, i'le make bold with yours.

PHA. I haue certaine priuate reaſons to my ſelfe ſir, *They preaſe to come in.*
Makes me vnmannerly, and ſay you cannot:
Nay, preaſe not forward, he muſt come through my life,
That comes heere.

K. Sir be reſolued, I muſt come, and will come enter.

PHA. I will not be diſhonoured thus, hee that enters, enters vpon his death, ſir tis a ſigne you make no ſtranger of mee, to bring theſe runagates to my chamber, at theſe vnſeaſoned houres.

K. Why, do you chafe your ſelfe: you are not wrongd,
Nor ſhalbe: onely ſearch your lodging,
For ſome cauſe to our ſelfe, Enter I ſay.

PHA. I ſo no.

ME. Let vm enter Prince, let vm enter, I am vp,
I know their buſineſſe, tis a poore breaking of a Ladies honour, they hunt ſo hotly after; let vm enioy it, you haue your buſineſſe Gentlemen, I lay here, O my Lord the King, this is not noble in you,

to

To make publicke the weakeneſſe of a woman.

KING. Come downe.

ME. I dare my Lord, your whoting and your clamours, your priuate whiſpers, and your broad fleerings, can no more vex my ſoule, then this baſe carriage: but I haue vengeance ſtill in ſtore for ſome, ſhall in the moſt contempt you can haue of mee, bee ioy and nouriſhment.

KING. Will you come downe?

ME. Yes, to laugh at your worſt, but I ſhall wring you, if my skill faile me not.

KING. Sir, I muſt chide you deerely for this looſeneſſe,
You haue wrongd a Lady, but no more,
Conduct him to his lodging, and to bed.

CLE. Get him another wench, and you bring him to bed indeed.

LEON. Tis ſtrange a man cannot ride a Stage or two,
To breath himſelfe, without a warrant: if this geare hold,
That lodgings be ſearcht thus, pray God we may lye
With our owne wiues in ſafety, that they be not *they come*
by ſome tricke of ſtate miſtaken. *downe to the King.*

KING. Now Lady of honour, where's your honour now?
No man can fit your palat but the Prince,
Thou moſt ill ſhrowded rottennеſſe, thou peece
Made by a Painter and Apothecaries, thou troubled ſea of luſt,
Thou wilderneſſe inhabited by wild thoughts,
Thou ſwolne clowd of infection, thou ripe mine of all diſeaſes,
Thou all ſinne and hell, and laſt all diuels, tell me,
Had you none to pull on with your courteſies,
But he that muſt be mine, and wrong my daughter:
By all the gods: all theſe, all the Pages, and all the Court
Shall whoote thee through the Court, fling rotten orrenges:
Make reball rymes, and ſeare thy name with candles
Vpon wals, doe you laugh Lady *Venus*?

ME. Faith ſir you muſt pardon me, I cannot chuſe but laugh,
To ſee you merry, if you do this O King;
Nay, if you dare do it, by all thoſe gods you ſwore by,
And as many more of my owne, I will haue fellowes,
And ſuch fellowes in it, that ſhall make noble mirth:

The Princeſſe your deere daughter ſhall ſtand by me,
Vpon wals, and ſung in ballads, or any thing, vrge me no more,
I know her and her haunts, her fayre leaps
And out-lying, and will diſcouer all, and will diſhonour her,
I know the boy ſhe keepes, a hanſome boy, about eight geene,
Knowes what ſhe dos with him, where, when;
Come ſir, you put me to a womans madneſſe,
The glory of a fury, and if I doe not doe it to the height ----
KING. What boy is that ſhe raues at?
ME. Alas good minded Prince, you know not theſe things,
I am loth to reueale vm: keepe this fault
As you would keepe your health from the hote ayre
Of the corrupted people, or by heauen,
I will not ſinke alone, what I haue knowne,
Shall be as publike as in Print, all tongues ſhall ſpeake it,
As they doe the language they're borne in, as free and commonly,
I'le ſet it like a prodigious ſtarre, for all to gaze at,
And ſo high and glowing, that other kingdomes far and forraigne,
Shall read it there, trauaile with it, till they finde no tongue,
To make it more, nor no more people,
And then behold the fall of your faire Princeſſe.
KING. Has ſhe a boy?
LEON. So pleaſe your grace I haue ſeene a boy waite on her,
a faire boy.
KING. Go get you to your quarters,
for this time, i'le ſtudy to forget you.
ME. Do ſo, and i'le forget your ----

Exit King, MEGRA, *and the guard.*

CLE. Heere's a male ſpirit fit for *Hercules*.
if euer there be nine worthy of women, this wench ſhall ride aſide and be their Captaine.
LEON. Sure ſhe has a Gariſon of diuels in her tongue,
She vttered ſuch bals of wild-fire, ſhe has ſo netled the King,
That all the Doctors in the Countrey will not cure him,
That boy was a ſtrange fouud out antidote to cure her infections;
That boy, that Princeſſe boy, that chaſt, braue,

vertuous

vertuous Ladies boy, and a faire boy, a wel-ſpoken boy,
All theſe conſidered can make nothing elſe,
But there I leaue yee Gentlemen.
TRA. Nay, wee'le go wander with you.
Exit three Gentlemen.

Actus 3. Scœn. 1.

Enter three Gentlemen.

CLE. And doubtleſſe tis true.
LEON. I and tis the gods
That raiſd this puniſhment to ſcourge the King
With his owne yſſue, is it not a ſhame for all vs,
That write noble in the Land for vs, that ſhould be freemen,
To behold a man that is the brauery of his age,
Phylaſter: preſt downe from his royall right,
By this regardleſſe King, and onely looke and ſee the Scepter
Ready to be caſt into the hands of that laciuious Lady,
That liues in luſt with a ſmooth boy,
Now to be married to yon ſtrange thing,
Who but that people pleaſe to let him be a Prince,
Is borne a ſlaue, in that which ſhould be his moſt noble part,
His mind.
TRA. That man that would not ſtir with you to aide *Phylaſter*,
Let the gods forget that ſuch a Creature
Walkes vpon the earth.
CLE. The gentry do awaite it, and the people
againſt their nature, are all for him, and like a field if ſtanding corne,
moued with a ſtiffe gale: their heads bow al one way,
LEON. The onely cauſe that draweth *Phylaſter* backe,
From this attempt, is the faire Princeſſe loue,
Which he admires, and we can now comfort.
TRA. Perhaps hee'le not bileeue.
CLE. Why Gentlemen, tis without queſtion ſo.
LEON. I tis paſt ſpeech ſhe liues diſhoneſtly,

But how ſhall we: if he be curious, worke
on his beleefe.
TRAS. We all are ſatisfied within our ſelues.
LEON. Since it is true, and Lords to his owne good,
I'le make this new report to be my knowledge,
I'le ſay I know it, i'le ſweare I ſaw it.
CLE. It will be beſt. *Enter* PHILASTER.
TRAS. Twill moue him.
CLE. Here he comes. Good morrow to your honor:
We haue ſpent ſome time in ſeeking you.
PHI. My worthy friends, you that can keepe your memories, to know your friend in miſeries, and cannot frame on men diſgrace for vertue, a good day attend you all, what ſeruice may I doe worthy your acceptation.
LEON. My Lord, wee come to vrge that vertue which wee know liues in your breaſt: forth, riſe, make a head,
the nobles and the people are all dull with this vſurping king,
and not a man that euer heard the word,
knowes ſuch a thing as vertue, but will ſecond your attempts.
PHI. How honourable is this loue in you to me,
That haue deſerued more, know my friends,
You that were borne to ſhame your poore *Phylaſter*,
With too much courteſie, I could affoord to melt my ſelfe
To thankes, but my deſignes are not yet ripe ſufficient,
That ere long I ſhall imploy your loues,
But yet the time is ſhort of what I would.
LEON. The time is fuller then you expect,
That which hereafter perhaps be reacht by violence,
May now be caught, as for the King you know
The people long haue hated him, but now
The Princeſſe whom they lou'd
PHI. Why, what of her?
TRA. Is loathed as much as he.
PHI. By what ſtrange meanes?
LEON. Shee's knowne a whore.
PHI. Thou lyeſt!
LEON. My Lord ----

PHI. Thou

PHY. Thou lieſt, and thou ſhalt feele it, I had thought, *He offers to draw his ſword, & is held.*
Thy minde had beene of honour, then to rob a Lady
Of her good name, is an infectious ſin, not to be pardon'd,
Be it falſe as hell, twill neuer be redeemd,
If it be ſowne amongſt the people, faithfull to increaſe,
All euill they ſhall heare. Let me alone, that I
May cut out falſehood where it growes, ſet hils on hils,
Betwixt me and that man that vtters this, and I will ſcale them all,
And from the vtmoſt top fall on his necke,
like thunder from a clowde.
LEON. This is moſt ſtrange, ſure he dos loue her.
PHY. I doe loue faire truth, ſhe is my miſtreſſe, & who iniuries her, drawes vengeance from me. Sirs, let goe my armes.
TRA. Nay, good my Lord be patient.
CLE. Sir, remember this is your honor'd friend, that comes to doe his ſeruice, and will ſhew you why he vttered this.
PHI. I aske your pardon ſir,
My zeale to truth makes me vnmannerly,
Should I haue heard diſhonour ſpoke of you, behind your backs, vntruely, I had beene as much diſtempered and inrag'd, as now.
LEON. But this my Lord, is truth.
PHI. Oh ſay not ſo,
Good ſir forbeare to ſay ſo, tis then truth that women all are falſe, vrge it no more, tis impoſſible, why ſhould you thinke the Princeſſe light?
LEON. Why ſhe was taken at it.
PHI. Tis falſe, by heauen tis falſe, it cannot be,
Can it, ſpeake Gentlemen? Can women all be damn'd?
TRA. Why then it cannot be.
CLE. And ſhe was taken with her boy.
PHI. What boy?
LEON. A Page, a boy that ſerues her.
PHY. Oh good gods, a little boy.
LEON. I, know you him my Lord?
PHY. Hell and ſin know him: Sir you are deceiu'd,
I'le reaſon it a little milder with you,
If ſhe were luſtfull, would ſhee take a boy that knowes not yet de-

ſires, ſhee would haue one ſhould meete her thoughts, and know the ſinne ſh e acts, which is the great delight of wickedneſſe, you are abus'd, and ſo is ſhe and I.

CLE. How, you my Lord?

PHI. Why all the worlds abusd, in an vniuſt report.

LEON. O noble ſir, your vertues cannot looke
Into the ſubtile thoughts of women. In ſhort my Lord,
I too ke them, I my ſelfe.

PHI. Now all the diuels thou didſt, flie from my rage,
Would thou hadſt tane diuels ingendring plagues,
When thou didſt take them: hide thee from mine eyes,
Would thou hadſt taken daggers in thy breaſt,
When thou didſt take them,
Or beene ſtuacke dumbe for euer, that this fault
might haue ſlept in ſilence.

CLE. Haue you knowne him ſo ill temper'd?

TRA. Neuer before.

PHI. The winds that are let looſe from the foure corners
Of the earth, and ſpreads them ſelfe all ouer ſea and land,
Meetes not a fayre on, what friend beares a ſword,
To runne me thorow?

TRA. Why my Lord, are you ſo mooued at this?

PHI. When any fall from vertue I am diſtracted,
I haue intereſt in't.

LEON. But good my Lord recall your ſelfe,
and thinke what's beſt to be done,

PHI. I thanke you, I will do't,
Pleaſe you to leaue me I'le conſider of it,
To morrow i'le finde your lodgings, and giue you anſwer.

OMNES. All the gods direct you the readieſt way.

Exit three Gent.

PHI. I had forgot to aske vm where he tooke her,
I'le follow him. Oh that I had a ſea within my breaſt,
To quench the fire I feele, more circumſtances
Would but flame this fire: it more afflicts me now,
To know by whom the deede is done, then ſimply,
That it is done, and he that tels me this, is honourable,

As

As farre from lies, as ſhe is farre from truth,
O that like beaſts we could not grieue our ſelues
With that we ſee not, buls and rammes will fight,
To keepe their females ſtanding in their ſight,
But take them from them, and you take at once
Their ſpleenes away, and they will fall againe
Vnto their paſtures, growing freſh and fat,
And taſte the waters of the ſprings as ſweete as 'twas before.
Finding no ſtart in ſleepe, but miſerable man,
Enter boy.
See, ſee, you gods he walkes ſtill, and the face you let him weare
When he was innocent, is ſtill the ſame, not bluſh.
Is this iuſtice? do you meane to intrap mortalitie,
That you allow treaſon ſo ſmooth a brow:
I cannot now thinke he is guilty.
BOY. Health to you my Lord:
The Princeſſe doth commend her loue, her life,
and this vnto you. *He gines him a letter.*
PHI. O *Bellario*, now I perceiue ſhe loues me,
She dos ſhew it in louing thee my boy,
She has made thee braue.
BOY. My Lord, ſhe has attir'd me paſt wiſh,
Paſt my deſert, more fit for her attendant,
But far vnfit for me that doe attend.
PHI. Thou art growne Courtly my boy.
O let all women that loue black deedes, learne to diſſemble here,
Heere, with this paper, ſhe dos write to me
As if her heart were twines of Adamant
To all the world beſides, but vnto me a maiden ſnow,
That melted with my lookes: tell me my boy,
How dos the Princeſſe vſe thee?
BOY. Scarce like her ſeruant, but as if I were
Something alied to her, or had preſerued her life
Three times by my fidelity: as mothers fond,
Doe vſe their onely ſonnes, as I'de vſe one that's left vnto my truſt,
For whom my life ſhould pay,
If he meete harme: ſo ſhe dos vſe me.

PHI. Why tis wondrous well,
But what kinde language dos ſhe feede thee with?
BOY. Why ſhe dos tell me ſhe will truſt my youth with al her maiden ſtore, and dos call mee her pretie ſeruant, bids mee weepe no more for leauing you, ſhe'le ſee my ſeruice rewarded, & ſuch words of that ſoft ſtraine, that I am neerer weeping when ſhe ends, then ere ſhe ſpeakes.
PHI. This is much better ſtill.
BOY. Are you not well my Lord?
PHI. Ill, no *Bellario.*
BOY. Me thinkes your words fall out from your tongue, ſo vneuenly, nor is there in your looks that quickneſſe that I was wont to ſee.
PHI. Thou art deceiued boy. And ſhe ſtrokes thy head.
BOY. Yes.
PHI. And ſhe dos clap thy cheekes.
BOY. She dos my Lord.
PHY. And ſhe dos kiſſe thee boy, ha.
BOY. How my Lord?
PHY. She kiſſes thee.
BOY. Neuer my Lord, by heauen.
PHY. That's ſtrange, I know ſhe dos.
BOY. No by my life.
PHY. Why then ſhe dos not loue me,
Come ſhe dos, I bid her do't: I charg'd her by all charmes of loue betweene vs, by the hope of peace wee ſhould inioy, to yeeld thee all delight, naked as to her Lord. I tooke her oath thou ſhouldſt inioy her. Tell mee gentle boy, is ſhee not paradiſe: is not her breath ſweete as Arabian winds when fruites are ripe, are not her breaſts two lickquid Iuory bals? is ſhe not all a laſting mine of ioy?
BOY. Yes, now I ſee why my diſcurled thoughts were ſo perplext. When firſt I went to her my heart held augeries: you are abus'd, ſome villaine has abus'd you, I doe ſee where you tend. Fall rocks vpon his head, that put this to you, tis ſome ſubtile traine to bring that noble friend of yours to naught.
PHY. Thou thinkſt I will bee angry with thee, come thou ſhalt know all my drift. I hate her more then I loue happineſſe, and plac't thee there to pry with ſparrowes eyes, into her deedes, haſt thou diſcouered,

diſcouered, is ſhee falne to luſt, as I would wiſh her, ſpeake ſome comfort to me.

Boy. My Lord you did miſtake the boy you ſent,
Had ſhe the luſt of ſparrowes and of goates,
Had ſhe a ſin that weighed from the world, beyond the name of luſt,
I would not aide her baſe deſires,
But what I come to know as ſeruant to her,
I would not reueale, to make my life laſt ages.

Phi. Oh my heart!
This is a ſalue worſe then the maine deceit,
Tell me thy thoughts, for I will know the leaſt
That dwels within thee, or will rip thy heart,
To know it, I will ſee thy thoughts as plaine,
As I doe now thy face.

Boy. Why ſo you doe: ſhe is for ought I know, by all the gods,
As chaſt as ice: but were ſhe foule as hell,
And I did know it thus, the breath of Kings,
The points of ſwords, tortures, nor buls of braſſe,
Should wrack it from me.

Phi. Then tis no time to dallie with thee, I will take thy life,
For I doe hate thee, I could curſe thee now.

Boy. If you do hate me, you could not curſe me worſe,
The gods haue not a puniſhment in ſtore,
To me, then is your hate.

Phi. Fie, fie, ſo young and ſo diſſembling, tell me when & where,
Thou didſt inioy her, or let plagues fall vpon me,
If I deſtroy thee not. *He drawes his ſword.*

Boy. By heauen I neuer did, and when I lie to ſaue my life,
May I liue long and loathed, hew me aſunder,
And whilſt I can thinke, i'le loue thoſe pieces you haue cut away
Better then thoſe that grow, and kiſſe thoſe limbes
Becauſe you made vm ſo.

Phi. Fear'ſt thou not death, can boyes contemne that.

Boy. Oh! what boy is he could be content to liue
To be a man, that ſees the beſt of men thus paſſionate,
Thus without reaſon.

Phi. O thou doſt not know what tis to die.

BOY. Yes, I doe know my Lord tis leſſe then to be borne,
A laſting ſleepe, a quiet reſting from all iealouſie,
A thing we all perſue: I know beſides, it is but giuing ore againe,
That muſt be loſt.

PHI. But there are paines falſe boy,
For periur'd ſoules: think but on thoſe, and then thy heart will melt,
And then thou wilt vtter all.

BOY. May they fall all vpon me, whilſt I liue,
If I be periur'd, or haue euer thought of that you chargē me with,
If I be falſe, ſend mee to ſuffer in thoſe puniſhments you ſpeake of.
Kill me.

PHI. Oh! What ſhould I doe, why who can but beleeue him?
Hee dos ſweare ſo earneſtly, that if it were not true, the gods would not indure him. Riſe *Bellario*, thy proteſtations are ſo deepe, and thou doſt looke ſo truely when thou vttereſt them, that though I knew vm falſe, as were my hopes, I cannot vrge thee further, but thou wert too blame to iniuie me: for I muſt loue thy honeſt lookes, and take no reuenge vpon thy honeſt lookes: a loue from mee to thee is firme, what ere thou doſt, it troubles me, that I haue cald thy blood out of thy cheekes, that did ſo well become thee: But good boy let me not ſee thee more, ſomething is done, that will diſtract me, that will make mee mad, if I behold thee, if thou tendereſt mee, let me not ſee thee.

BOY. I will flie as farre,
As there is morning, ere I giue diſtaſte to that moſt honord frame,
but through theſe teares ſhed at my hapleſſe parting, I can ſee a world of treaſon practis'd vpon you, and her, and me, farewell for euermore, if you ſhall heare that ſorrowes ſtrucke me dead, and after finde me loyall, let there be a teare ſhed from you, in my memory, and I ſhall reſt at peace.

PHI. Bleſſing be with thee what ere thou deſerueſt.
O where ſhall I go bathe this body, nature too vnkind,
That mad'ſt no medicine to a troubled minde.

Exit PHILASTER.

Enter Princeſſe.

PRIN. I maruaile my boy comes not backe,
But that I know my loue will queſtion him ouer and ouer,

How

How I ſlept, make talke how I remember him,
When his deere name was laſt ſpoken,
And how ſpoke when I fight ſong, and ten thouſand ſuch,
I ſhould be angry at his ſtay. *Enter King.*

KING. What, in your meditations, who attends you?

PRIN. None but my ſingle ſelfe, I neede no guard,
I doe no wrong, nor feare none.

K. Tell me, haue you not a boy?

PRIN. Yes Sir.

K. What kinde of boy?

PRIN. A page, a waiting boy.

K. A hanſome boy?

PRIN. I thinke he be not vgly Sir, well
qualified, and dutifull, I know him,
I tooke him not for beauty.

K. He ſpeakes, and ſings, and plaies?

PRIN. Yes Sir.

K. About eighteene?

PRIN. I neuer aſkt his age.

K. Is he full of ſeruice?

PRIN. By your pardon, why do you aske?

K. Put him away.

PRIN. Sir.

KING. Put him away I ſay, has done you that good ſeruice,
Shames me to ſpeake off.

PRIN. Good ſir, let me vnderſtand you?

K. If you feare me, ſhow it in duty? put away that boy.

PRIN. Let me haue reaſon for it, and then your wil is a command.

K. Do not you bluſh to aske it, caſt him off:
Or I ſhall do that ſhame to you, ye are one ſhame with me,
And ſo neere my ſelfe, that by the gods,
I'd dare not tell my ſelfe, what you my ſelfe,
Haue done.

PRIN. What I haue done?

KING. Tis a new language, that all loue to learne:
The common people ſpeake it well already,
They neede no grammer: vnderſtand me well, there be foule

Whiſpers ſtirring, caſt him off, and ſuddenly do it,
farewell. *Exit King.*

PRIN. Where may a maid liue ſecurely free,
Keeping her honour faire, not with the liuing,
They feede vpon opinions, errors, dreames, and make vm truth,
They draw a nouriſhment out of defamings,
Grow vpon diſgraces, and when they ſee a vertue fortified,
Strongly aboue the battry of their tongues.
Oh how they mind to fincke it, and defeated foule
Sicke with poyſon, ſtricke the mountaines,
Where noble names be ſleeping, till they ſweate,
And the cold Marble melt.

Enter PHILASTER.

PHI. Peace to your faireſt thoughts, deereſt miſtriſſe.

PRIN. Oh my deereſt ſeruant,
I haue a warre within me.

PHI. He muſt be more then man that makes theſe chriſtals runne into riuers, ſweeteſt faire the cauſe, and as I am your ſlaue, tied to your goodneſſe, your creature made againe from what I was, and newly ſpirited, I'le right your honour.

PRIN. O my beſt loue, that boy.

PHI. What boy?

PRIN. The pretie boy you gaue me.

PHI. What of him?

PRIN. Muſt be no more mine.

PHI. Why?

PRIN. They are iealous of him.

PHI. Iealous, who?

PRIN. The King.

PHI, Oh my misfortune,
Then tis no idle iealouſie, let him goe.

PRIN. O cruell, are you hard hearted too?
Who ſhall now tell you how much I loued you?
Who ſhall ſweare it to you, and weepe the teares I ſend?
Who ſhall now bring you letters, rings, braſlets,
Looſe his health in ſeruice, make tedious nights,
In ſtories of your praiſe? Who ſhall now ſing

Your

Your crying Elegies, and ſtrike a ſad ſoule
Into ſenſeleſſe pictures, and make them warme?
Who ſhall take vp his lute, and touch it,
Till he crowne a ſilent ſleepe vpon my eye-lids,
Make me dreame and crie:
O my deere, deere *Phylaſter.*
PHI. O my heart, would he had broken thee,
That made thee know this Lady was not loyall.
Miſtreſſe forget the boy, I'le get you a farre better.
PRIN. Oh neuer, neuer, ſuch a boy againe, as my *Bellario.*
PHI. Tis but your fond affection.
PRIN. With thee, my boy, farewell for euer,
All ſeruice in ſeruants, farewell faith and all
Deſires to doe well, for thy ſake, let all that
Shall ſucceede thee, for thy wrongs,
Sell and betray chaſte loue.
PHI. And all this paſſion for a boy.
PRIN. He was your boy, and you put him vnto me,
And the loſſe of ſuch muſt haue a mourning for.
PHI. O thou forgetfull woman.
PRIN. How, my Lord?
PHI. Falſe *Arethuſa.*
Haſt thou a medicine to reſtore my wits,
When I haue loſt vm, if not,
leaue to talke, and doe thus.
PRIN. Doe what ſir, would you ſleepe?
For euer *Arethuſa*, O ye gods, ye gods:
Giue me a wealthy patience, haue I ſtood naked
Aboue the ſhocke of many fortunes? haue I ſeene miſchiefe,
Numberleſſe, and mighty, grow like a ſea vpon me:
Haue I taken danger as deepe as death, into my boſome,
And laught vpon it, made it but a mirth,
And flowing it by, do I liue now like him vnder this tyrant King,
That languiſhing heare his ſad bell, and ſees his Mourners,
Doe I beare all this brauely? and ſinke at length
Vnder a womans falſehood, O that boy, that curſed boy,
None but a villaine boy, to eaſe your luſt.

PRIN. Nay, then I am betraid,
I feele the plot caſt for my ouerthrow:
O I am wretched.
PHI. Now you may take that little right I haue to this
Poore Kingdome, giue it to your Ioy, for I haue no ioy in it:
Some far place, where neuer woman kinde durſt ſet her foote,
For burſting with her poyſon muſt I ſeeke,
And liue to curſe you, and there dig a Caue,
And preach to beaſts and birds, what women are;
How Heauen is in your eies, but in your hearts more hell,
Then hell has: How your tongues, like Scorpyons,
Both heale and poyſon: How your thoughts wouen,
With thouſand changes in one ſubtile web, and worne by you:
How that fooliſh men that reade the ſtory of a womans face,
And dyes beleeuing it is loſt for euer: How all the good you haue,
Is but a ſhadow, i'th morning with you, and at night behind you,
Paſt and forgotten: How your vowes are froſt faſt, for a night,
And with the next Sunne gone; How you are,
Being taken altogether.
A meere confuſion, and ſo dead a Chaios,
That loue cannot diſtinguiſh theſe ſad texts,
Till my laſt houre I am bound to vtter of you,
So farewell all my wo, all my delight. *Exit* PHYLASTER.
PRIN. Be merciſull you gods, and ſtrike me dead.
What way haue I deſerued this? make my breaſt tranſparant,
That the world iealous of me,
May ſee the fouleſt thought my heart holds:
Where ſhall women turne their eies to finde out conſtancie?
Enter boy.
Saue me, how black and vile me thinkes, that boy lookes now!
Oh thou diſſembler, that before thou ſpokſt,
Wert in thy cradle falſe, ſent to make lies,
And to betray innocence, thy Lord and thou
Maiſt glory in the aſhes of a maid, foold by her paſſion:
But the conqueſt is nothing ſo great as wicked,
Flie away, let my command force thee to that,
Which ſhame would doe without it, if thou vnderſtoodſt.

The

The loathed office thou haſt vndertooke,
Why thou wouldſt hide thee vnder heapes of hils,
Leſt we ſhould dig and finde thee.
BOY. O what god angry with me, hath ſent this ſtrange deſeaſe
Into the nobleſt mindes, Madame this griefe you adde vnto me,
Is no more then drops to ſeas, for which they are not ſeen to ſwell,
My Lord has ſtruck his anger through my heart,
And let out all the hope of future ioyes,
Ye neede not bid me flie, I came to part,
To take my lateſt leaue,
Farewell for euer.
I durſt not run away in honeſty from ſuch a Lady,
Like a boy that ſtole, or made ſome greater fault,
The power of gods aſſiſt you in your ſuffering:
Haſty time reueale the truth to your abuſed Lord, and mine,
That he may know your worth, whilſt I goe ſeeke
Out ſome forgotten place to die. *Exit* BOY.
PRIN. Peace guide thee, thou haſt ouerthrowne me once,
But if I had another time to loſe,
Thou, or another villaine with thy lookes,
Might take me out of it, and ſend me naked,
My haire deſheueld, through the fiery ſtreetes. *Enter.*
WO. Madame, the king would hunt,
And cals for you with earneſtineſſe.
PRIN. I am in tune to hunt: *Diana* if thou canſt
Rage with a maid, as with a man, let me diſcouer thee
bathing, and turne me to a fearefull hind,
That I may die purſu'd by cruell hounds,
And haue my ſtory written in my wounds. *Exit Princeſſe.*

Actus 4. Scœn. 1.

Enter the King, PHARAMONT, *Princeſſe*, MEGRA, GALLATEA, LEON. CLE. TRA. *and two Wood-men.*

KING. What, are the hounds before, and all the Woodmen?

Our horſes ready, and our bowes bent?

LEON. All ſir.

KING. You are clowdy ſir. Come we haue forgotten your veniall treſpaſſes, let not that fit heauy vpon your ſpirit,
Heres none dares vtter it.

LEON. He lookes like an olde ſurfeited ſtallion after his leaping,
Dull as a Dormouſe: ſee how he ſincks, the wench has ſhot him betweene wind and water, and I hope ſprung a lake.

CLE. He needes no teaching, he ſtrikes ſure enough,
His greateſt fault is, he hunts too much in the purlewes,
Would he would leaue off poaching.

TRA. And for his horne, has left it at the lodge where he lay late:
Oh hee's a pernitious limhound, turne him vpon the purſue of any Lady, and if hee loſe her, hang him vp i'th ſlip: when my foxe bith bewty growes prowd, I'le borrow him.

KING. Is your boy turnde away?

PRIN. You did command ſir, and I obeyed you.

KING. Tis well done, harke ye further.

LEON. I'ſt poſſible this fellow ſhould repent,
Me thinkes that were not noble in him,
And yet he lookes like a mortified member,
As if he had a ſicke mans ſalue in's mouth,
If a worſe man had done this fault now,
Some phyſicall Iuſtice or other, would preſently
Without the helpe of an Almanacke,
Haue opened the obſtructions of his liuer,
And let him bloud with a dog-whip.

TRA. See, ſee, how modeſtly yon Lady lookes,
As if ſhe came from churching with her neighbours,
Why what a diuell can you ſee in her face,
But that ſhee's honeſt.

CLE. Faith no great matter to ſpeake of: a fooliſh twinckling with the eie, that ſpoyles her coat, but hee muſt be a cunning Herald that findes it.

TRA. See how they muſter on another, O thers a ranke regient, where the diuell carries the Culours, and his damn'd drum maior. Now the fleſh and the world come behinde with the Carriage.

LEON. Sure

LEON. Sure this Lady has a good turne done againſt her will, before ſhe was common talke, now none dares ſay Cantharides can ſtirre her, her face lookes like a warrant, willing and commanding all tongues, as they will anſwere it, to be tied vp, and boulted, when this Lady meanes to let her ſelfe looſe, as I liue, ſhee has got a goodly protection, and a gratious: and may vſe her body diſcretely, for her health ſake, once a weeke, except lent and dog-dayes. O if they were to be got for money, what a large ſumme would come out of the Citie, for theſe Licences.

KING. To horſe, to horſe, we looſe the morning Gentlemen.

1 WOOD. What, haue you log'd the Deere below? *Exit King and Lords.*

2 WOOD. Yes, they are ready for the bow.

1 WOOD. Who ſhoots? *Manet Wood-men.*

2 The Princeſſe.

1 WOOD. No, ſhee'le hunt.

2 WOOD. Shee'le take a ſtand I ſay.

1 WOOD. Who elſe?

2 WOOD. Why the young ſtrange Prince.

1 WOOD. He ſhall ſhoote in a ſtone bow for me,
I neuer lou'd his beyond-ſea-ſhippe, ſince he forſooke the Say, for paying ten ſhillings: he was there at the fall of a Deare, and would needes out of his Mightineſſe, giue ten groates for the docets; mary his ſteward would haue the villuet head into the bargaine, to turſe his hat withall, I thinke he ſhould loue venery: he and old Sir Triſtrum: for if ye be remembred, hee forſooke a Stagge once, to ſtrike a raſcall milking in a meddow, and her hee kild i'the eye. Who ſhootes elſe?

2 WOOD. The Lady *Gallatea.*

1 WOOD. That's a good wench, an ſhee would not chide vs for tumbling of her women in the brakes, ſhe's liberal, and by the gods, they ſay honeſt, and whether that be a fault or no, I haue nothing to do, there's all.

2 WOOD. No, one more, *Megra.*

1 WOOD. That's a firker I'faith boy, there's a wench will ride her hanches as hard after a kennell of hounds as a hunting ſadle, & whē ſhe comes home, get vm clapt, and all is well againe, I haue knowne her looſe her ſelfe three times in one after-noone, if the Woods had

beene answerable, and has bin worke enough for one man to fiddle her, and has swet for't: shee rides well, and shee payes well, harke else.

Enter PHILASTER *solus.*

PHY. Oh that I had beene nourisht in the woods,
With milke of goates, and Acrons, and not knowne
The right of Crownes, nor the dissembling traines
Of cruell loue: but dig'd my selfe a Cane,
Where I, my fire, my Cattell and my bed,
Might haue beene shut together in one shed,
And then had taken me some mountaine girle,
Beaten with winds, chaste as the rocke whereon she dwelt,
That might haue strewd my bed with leaues and reedes,
And with the skins of beasts our neighbours, and haue borne
Out her big breasts, my large course issue:
This had bin a life free from vexation.

Enter BOY.

BOY. Oh! wicked men, a innocent may walk safe amongst beasts,
Nothing assaults me here, I see my greeued Lord, sits as
His soule were searching out a way to *leaue* his body.
Pardon mee that brake thy last commandement, for I must speake:
You that are greeu'd can pittie; heare my Lord.

PHY. Is there a creature yet so miserable that I can pittie?

BOY. O my noble Lord, view my strange fortunes,
And bestow on me according to your bounty,
If my seruice can merit nothing, so much as may serue to keepe
That little peece I hold of life, from cold and hunger.

PHI. Now by the gods this is vnkindly done, to vex me
With thy sight, thou art false againe to thy dissembling trade,
How shouldst thou thinke to cosen me againe,
Remaines there yet a plague vntride for me. Euen so
Thou wept, and look't, and spok't, when I first tooke thee,
Curse on the time. If thy commanding teares can worke
On any other, vse thy art, I'le not betray it, which way
Wilt thou take, that I may shun thee, for thine eyes are
Poyson to mine, and I am loth to grow in rage:
This way or that way?

Exit PHILASTER.

BOY. Any

BOY. Any will ſerue, but I will chuſe to haue
That path in chaſe, that leades vnto my graue. *Exit* BOY.

Enter LEON, CLE. *and Wood-men.*

LEON. This is the ſtrangeſt ſodaine chance, you Wood-man.
CLE. My Lord *Leon* ——
LEON. Saw you a Lady come this way, on a ſable horſe, ſtarre-dyed with ſtars of white?
1 WOOD. Was ſhe not young and tall?
LEON. Yes, rode ſhe to the wood, or to the plaine?
2 WOOD. Faith my Lord, we ſaw none.
LEON. Pox of your queſtions then: What, is ſhe found?
CLE. Nor will be, I thinke.
LEON. Let him ſeeke his daughter himſelfe, ſhe cannot ſtray
About a little neceſſary naturall buſineſſe:
But the whole Court muſt be in armes,
When ſhe has done, we ſhall haue peace.
CLE. There's already a thouſand fatherleſſe tales amongſt vs,
Some ſay, her horſe run away with her, ſome, a wolfe purſu'd her;
Others, 'twas a plot to kill her, and that armed men were ſeene
In the wood: but queſtionleſſe, ſhe rode away willingly.

Enter the King, TRA. *and other Lords.*

KING. Where is ſhe?
LEON. Sir, I cannot tell.
K. Howe's that? anſwere me ſo againe.
LEON. Sir, ſhall I lie?
K. Yes, lie, and dam, rather then tell me that:
I ſay againe, where is ſhe? mutter not,
Sir, ſpeake you, where is ſhe?
LEON. Sir, I doe not know.
KING. Speake that againe ſo boldly, and by heauen it is thy laſt.
You fellowes, anſwere me, where is ſhee? marke mee all, I am your king, I wiſh to ſee my daughter, ſhew her mee, I doe command you all, as you are ſubiects, to ſhew her mee: what, am I not your king, if I, why then, am I not to be obay'd?
LEON. Yes, if you command things poſſible, and honeſt.

KING. Things poſſible, and honeſt, heare mee then, thou traytor, that darſt confine thy king, to poſſible and honeſt, things ſhew her me, or let me periſh, if I couer not all *Cycele* with blood.

LEON. Faith I cannot, vnleſſe you'le tell me where ſhe is.

KING. You haue betrayed me, you haue let me looſe the Iewell of my life, goe bring her mee, and ſet her here before mee, tis the king will haue it ſo, whoſe breath can ſtill the winds, vnclowd the Sun, charme downe the ſwelling ſea, and ſtoppe the Flouds of heauen: ſpeake, can it not?

LEON. No.

K. No, cannot the breath of a king do this?

CLE. No more ſmell ſweete it ſelfe, if once the lungs bee but corrupted.

K. Take you heed?

LEON. Take you heed, how you dare the powers
That muſt be iuſt.

K. Alas! What are we kings, why do you gods
Place vs aboue the reſt, to be ſerued, flattred, and adord,
Still we beleeue we hold within our hands your Thunder,
And when we come to trie the power we thinke we haue,
There's not a leafe ſhakes at our threatnings,
I haue ſin'd, tis true, and here I ſtand to be puniſht,
Yet would not theſe be puniſhe, let me chuſe my way,
And lay it on.

LEON. He articles with the gods, would ſomebody would draw bonds, for the performance of couenant betwixt them.

Enter PHARAMOND, GALLATEA, MEGRA.

KING. What, is ſhe found?

PHA. No, we haue tane her horſe, hee gallopt empty by, there's ſome treaſon: you *Gallatea* rode into the Wood with her, Why left you her?

GAL. She did command me,

PHA. Command, you ſhould not.

GAL. 'Twould ill become my fortunes, and my birth,
To diſobay the daughter of my king.

K. O y'are all cunning to obay vs, for our hurts,

But

But I will haue her.

PHA. If I haue her not, by this ſword, there ſhall bee no more *Cycele*.

LEON. What, will he carry it to *Spaine* in's pockets?

PHA. I will not leaue one man aliue,
But the king, a Cooke, and a Taylor.

LEON. Yes, you may do well to leaue your Lady bedfellow here for a ſpincer.

K. I ſee the iniuries I haue done, muſt be reueng'd.

LEON. Sir, this is not the way to finde her out.

K. Run all, diſperſe your ſelues, the man that findes her, or if ſhee be kild, the traytor, I'le make him great.

LEON. I, ſome would giue fiue thouſand pounds to finde her.

K. Come, let vs ſeeke.

PHA. Each man a ſeuerall way, here I my ſelfe.

LEON. Come Gentlemen, we heere.

CLE. Lady, you muſt go ſearch too.

GAL. I had rather be the ſearch my ſelfe. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter the Princeſſe ſolus.

PRIN. Where am I now, ſeeke finde out the way, without the counſell of my troubled head, I'le follow you boldly about theſe woods, or mountaines, through brambles, pits and fluds; Heauen I hope will eaſe me, I am ſicke. *She ſits downe, Enter* BOY.

BOY. Yonder my Lady is, gods knowes, I want nothing, becauſe I do not wiſh to liue, yet I will trie her charity. O heare you, that haue plenty from that flowing ſtore, drop ſome on dry grounds, ſee the liuely red is gone to guard her heart: I feare ſhe faints, Madame, looke vp: ſhee breathes not; open once thoſe roſie twines, and ſend vnto my Lord your lateſt farewell: O ſhee ſtirs; How i'ſt Madame? ſpeake comfort.

PRIN. Tis not gentlie done to put mee in a miſerable life, and hold me there, I prethee let me goe, I ſhall do beſt without thee.

Enter PHYLASTER.

PHI. I am too blame to be ſo much in rage,
I'le tell her coolely, when and where I heard
This killing truth, I will be temperate in ſpeaking,
And as iuſt in hearing; O monſtrous, tempt me not

You gods, good gods, tempt not a fraile man, who's hee that has a heart, but he muſt eaſe it with his tongue.

Boy. My Lord, helpe, helpe the Princeſſe.

Prin. I am well, forbeare.

Phi. Let me loue lightnings, let me be imbraſt and kiſt
By Scorpyons, or adore the eyes of Baſaliskes,
Rather then truſt the tongues of hell-bread women:
Some good god looke downe, and ſhrinke theſe veines vp,
Sticke me here a ſtone, laſting to memory of this damn'd act.
Heare me you wicked ones, you haue put hils of fire
Into my breaſt, not to be quencht with teares,
For which may guilt ſit on your boſomes, at your meales and beds,
Diſpaire awaite you, what, before my face,
Poyſon of Aſpes betweene your lips, diſeaſes bee your beſt iſſues,
Nature make a curſe and throw it on you.

Prin. Deare *Phylaſter*, leaue to inrage, and heare me.

Phi. I haue done,
Forgiue my paſſion, not the calmed ſea, when *Eolus*
Locks vp his windy broode, is leſſe diſturb'd then I,
Ile make you know, deere *Arethuſa*, take this ſword,
And ſearch how temperate a heart I haue, then you,
And this your boy, may I liue and raigne in luſt, without controule,
Wilt thou *Bellario*, I prethee kill me,
Thou art poore, and maiſt nouriſh ambitious thoughts
When I am dead, thy way were freer, am I raging now?
If I were mad, I ſhould deſire to liue: Sirs, feele my pulſe,
Whether you haue knowne a man in more
Equall tune to die.

Prin. Alas my Lord, your pulſe keepes madmens time,
So dos your tongue.

Phi. You will not kill me then?

Boy. Kill you,

Prin. Not for the world.

Phi. I blame not thee *Bellario*, thou haſt done but that
Which gods would haue transformd themſelues to do,
Be gone, leaue me without reply, this is the laſt *Exit Boy.*
Of all our meetings, kill me with this ſword, be wiſe,

Or worſe wil follow, we are two, earth cannot beare at once, reſolue to do or ſuffer.

PRIN. If my fortunes be ſo good to let me fall vpon thy hand, I ſhall haue peace with earth,
Yet tell me this, there will be no ſlanders, no iealouſie, in the other world no ill here?

PHI. No.

PRIN. Shew me the way to ioy.

PHI. Then guide my feeble hand, you that haue power
To do it, for I muſt performe a piece of Iuſtice:
If your youth haue any way offended heauen,
Let prayers ſhort and effectuall, reconcile you to't.

PRIN. I am prepard, *Enter a Countrey Gallant.*

COVN. I will ſee the king if he be in the Forreſt,
I haue hunted him this two houres, if I ſhould come home,
And not ſee him, my ſiſters would laugh at me,
I can ſee nothing but people, better horſt then my ſelfe,
That out ride me, I can heare nothing but ſhouting,
Theſe kings had neede of ſtrong braines,
The whooping would put a man out of his wits:
Theres a Courtier with his ſword drawne, by this hand vpon a woman, I thinke.

PHI. Are you at peace? PHI. *wounds her.*

PRIN. With heauen and earth.

PHI. Nay, they diuide thy ſoule and body.

COVN. Hold daſtard, ſtrike a woman, th'art a crauen, I warrant thee, thou'd'ſt be loth to play halfe a dozen venies at waſters with a man for a broken head.

PHI. Leaue vs good friend.

PRIN. What ill bred man art thou, to intrude thy ſelfe vpon our priuate ſports, our recreations.

COVN. God iudge me, I vnderſtand you not,
But I know the rogue has hurt ye.

PHI. Purſue thy owne affaires, it will be ill to multiply blood vpon my head, which thou wilt force me to.

COVN. I know not your Rethrack, but I can lay it on if you touch the woman.

PHI. Slaue,

PHI. Slaue, take what thou deſerueſt, *They fight.*
PRIN. Gods guard my Lord.
COVN. O, do you breath?
PHY. I heare the tread of people, I am hurt, the gods take part againſt me, would this bore haue held me thus elſe: I muſt ſhift for life, though I doe loſe it, I would finde a courſe,
To loſe it rather by my will, then force.
COVN. I cannot follow the rogue, *Exit* PHY.
I prethee wench come kiſſe me now.

Enter PHARAMONT, LEON, CLE. TRA. *and Wood-men.*
PHA. What art thou.
COVN. Almoſt kild I am, for a fooliſh woman,
A knaue has hurt her.
LEON. The Princeſſe Gentlemen. Wheres the wound Madame,
Is it dangerous.
PRIN. He has not hurt me.
COVN. By god ſhe lies, has hurt her i'the breaſt, looke elſe.
PHA. Oh ſecret ſpring of innocent blood.
LEON. Tis aboue wonder, who ſhould dare this.
PRIN. I felt it not.
PHA. Speake villaine, who has hurt the Princeſſe?
COVN. Is it the Princeſſe?
OMNES. I.
COVN. Then I haue ſeene ſomething yet.
PHA. But who has done it?
COVN. I told you a rogue, I ne're ſaw him before, I.
LEON. Madame, who did it?
PRIN. Some diſhoneſt wrecth, alas I know him not,
And do forgiue him.
COVN. He's hurt too, he cannot go farre, I let my fathers old fox flie about's eares.
PHA. How, will you haue me kill him?
PRIN. Not at all, tis ſome diſtracted fellow.
PHA. By this ayre, i'le leaue neuer a piece bigger then a nut, and bring him all in my hat.
PRIN. Nay, good ſir, if you do take him, bring him quick to mee,

and

and I will ſtudy for a punishment great as his ſinne.

PHA. I will.

PRIN. But ſweare.

PHA. By all my Loue, I will: Wood-man, conduct the Princeſſe vnto the king, and beare that wounded fellow to dreſſing: Come Gentlemen, wee'le follow the chaſe cloſe. *Exit*

COVN. I pray you friend, let me ſee the king.

CLE. That you ſhall, and receiue thankes.

COVN. If I get cleere of this, I'le ſee no more gay fights. *Exeunt.*

Enter the BOY.

BOY. Oh heauens! heauy death ſits on my brow,
And I muſt ſleepe, beare me thou gentle banck,
For euer if thou wilt, you ſweete on all,
Let me vnworthy preſſe you, I could wiſh,
I rather were a Corſe ſtrew'd o're with you,
Then quick aboue you, dulneſſe ſhuts my eyes, and I am giddy,
That I could take ſo ſound a ſleepe,
That I might neuer wake.

Enter PHILASTER.

PHI. I haue done ill, my conſcience cals me falſe,
To ſtrike at her that would not ſtrike at me,
When I did fight, me thought I heard her pray,
The gods to guard me, ſhe may be abus'd,
And I a loathed villaine if ſhe be, ſhe will conceale
Who hurt her, he has wounds, and cannot follow,
Neither knowes he me. Who's this? *Bellario* ſleeping,
If thou be'ſt guilty, there is no iuſtice that thy ſleepe
Should be ſo ſound, and mine whom thou haſt wrong'd,
So broken. *Cry within.*
Harke I am purſu'd, you gods I'le take
This offerd meanes of my eſcape.
They haue no marke to know me, but my blood,
If ſhe be true, if falſe, let miſchiefe
Light on all the world at once.
Sword print my wounds vpon his ſleeping body,
He has none I thinke are mortall, *He wounds him.*
Nor would I lay greater on thee.

BOY. O! death I hope is come, bleſt be that hand, it wiſht me well againe for pittie.

PHI. I haue caught my ſelfe,
The loſſe of blood hath ſtayed my flight here, *Phy. falls downe.*
Here is he that ſtrooke thee, take thy full reuenge,
Vſe me as I did meane thee, worſe then death:
I'le teach thee to reuenge. This luckleſſe hand
Wounded the Princeſſe, tell my followers, thou
Didſt receiue theſe hurts in ſtaying me,
And I will second thee: get a reward.

BOY. Hide, hide my Lord, and ſaue your ſelfe.

PHI. How is this? wouldſt thou I ſhould be ſafe?

BOY. Elſe it were vaine for me to liue.
Theſe wounds I haue, has not bled much,
Reach me that noble hand, I'le helpe to couer you.

PHI. Art thou then true to me?

BOY. Or ſet me periſh loath'd: Come my Lord,
Creepe in amongſt theſe buſhes, who dos know
But that the gods may ſaue your breech in't, Shromd,

PHI. Then I ſhall die for griefe, if not for this,
That I haue wounded thee: What wilt thou do?

BOY. Shift for my ſelfe: Well, peace, I heare vm come.

WITHIN. Follow, follow, that way they went.

BOY. With my owne wounds I'le bloudy my owne ſword,
I neede not counterfeit to fall, heauen knowes,
I can ſtand no longer. *Boy falls downe.*

Ent. PHARAMONT, LEON, CLERAMONT & TRASALINE.

PHA. To this place I tract him by his blood.

LEON. Yonder my Lord, creepes one away.

CLE. Stay ſir, what are you?

BOY. A wretched creature, wounded in theſe woods by beaſts,
Releeue me, if your names be men,
Or I ſhall periſh.

TRA. This is he my Lord, vpon my ſoule that hurt her,
It is the boy, that wicked boy, that ſeru'd her.

PHA. O thou damn'd in thy creation, what cauſe couldſt thou ſhape to ſtrike the Princeſſe?

BOY. Then

BOY. Then I am betrayd,
LEON. Betrayd, no, apprehended.
BOY. I confeſſe, vrge it no more, that big with euill thoughts,
I ſet vpon her, and did make my ayme her death:
For charity let fall at once, the puniſhment you meane.
And do not load this weary fleſh with tortour,
PHA. I will know who hir'd thee to this deed.
BOY. My owne reuenge.
CLE. Reuenge, for what?
BOY. It pleas'd her to receiue me as her Page,
And when my fortunes eb'd, that men ſtrid o're them careleſſe.
She did ſhowre her welcome graces on me,
And did ſwell my fortunes: till they ouer-flowde
Their bankes, threatning the men that croſt them,
When as ſwift as ſtormes ariſe at ſea, ſhe turnde
Her eyes to burning Sines vpon me, and did drie the ſtreames
She had beſtow'd, leauing me worſe, and more contem'd
Then other little brookes, Becauſe I had beene great,
In ſhort, I knew I could not liue:
And therefore did deſire to die reueng'd.
PHA. If tortures can be found, long as thy naturall life,
Reſolue to feele the vtmoſt vigor.
CLE. Helpe to leade him hence.

PHILASTER *creepes out of a buſh.*

PHI. Turne back you rauiſhers of innocents,
Know you the price of what you beare away
So rudely.
PHA. Who's that?
LEON. My Lord *Phylaſter.*
PHI. Tis not the treaſure of all the Kings in one,
The wealth of *Tagus*, nor the rocks of pearle,
That paue the Court of *Neptune*, can weigh downe
That vertue. It was I that hurt the Princeſſe,
Place me ſome god, on a Pyramades, higher then
Hils of earth: and lend a voyce lowd as you
Thunder to me, that from thence I may teach

The vnder-world, the worrh that dwels in him.

PHA. How's this?

BOY. My Lord, ſome man weary of life that would be glad to dy.

PHI. Leaue this vntimely courteſie *Bellario*.

BOY. Alas, he's mad, come, will you beare me hence?

PHI. By all the oathes that men ought moſt to keepe,
And gods to puniſh moſt, when men do breake.
He toucht her nor, take heede *Bellario*,
How thou dooſt drowne the vertues thou haſt ſhowne,
With periurie, by all the gods twas I,
You know ſhe ſtood betwixt me and my right.

PHA. Thy owne tongue be thy Iudge.

LEON. It was *Phylaſter*.

TRA. I'ſt not a braue boy?
Well, I feare me ſir, we were deceiued.

BOY. Haue I no friend here?

LEON. Yes.

BOY. Then ſhew it ſome good body, lend a hand to draw vs neerer: Would you haue teares ſhed for you, when you die? then lay me gentlie on his neck, that there I may weep floods, and breath forth my ſpirit. Not all the wealth of *Pluto*, nor the gold lockt in the heart of earth, can buy away this armefull from me; this had beene a ranſome to haue redeem'd the great *Auguſtus Ceſar*, had hee beene taken; you hard-hearted men, more ſtony then theſe Mountaines, can you ſee ſuch a cleere pure bloud drop, and not cut your fleſh to ſtop his life, to binde whole bitter wounds, Queenes ought to teare their haires, and with their teares bathe them: forgiue me thou that art the wealth of poore *Phylaſter*,

Enter the King, Princeſſe, and a guard.

KING. Is the villaine tane?

LEON. Sir, here be two confeſſe the deed, but ſure it was *Phylaſter*.

KING. Queſtion it no more, it was.

PHA. The fellow that did fight with him, will tell vs that.

PRIN. Ay me, I know him well.

KING. Did not you know him?

PRIN. Sir, if it were he, he was diſguis'd.

PHI. I was ſo: Oh wy ſtarres, that I ſhould liue ſtill.

KING. Thou

KING. Thou ambitious foole, thou that haſt layd a trayne for thy owne life, now I doe meane to doe, I'le leaue to talke, beare them to priſon.

PRIN. Sir, they did plot together, to take hence this harmeleſſe life, ſhould it paſſe vnreuengd, I ſhould to earth, weeping. Grant mee then, by all the loues a father beares his child, their cuſtodies, that I may appoint their tortures, and their deathes.

LEON. Death, ſoft your law will not reach that for this fault.

KING. Tis granted, take vm to you with a guard.
Come Princely *Pharamont*, this buſineſſe paſt,
We ſhall with more ſecurity go on
With our intended match. *Exit King and* PHARAMONT.

LEON. I pray that this action looſe not *Phylaſter* the hearts of the people.

CLE. Feare it not, their ouer-wiſe heads
Will thinke it but a trick. *Exeunt.*

Actus 5. Scœn. 1.

Enter LEON. CLE. *and* TRA.

LEON. Has the king ſent for him to death?

CLE. Yes, but the king muſt know, 'tis not in his power to warre with heauen.

TRA. We linger time, the king ſent for *Phylaſter*, and the headſman, an houre agoe.

LEON. Are all his wounds well?

TRA. All, they were but ſcratches, but the loſſe of blood made him faint.

CLE. We dally Gentlemen.

LEON. Away. *Exit.*

TRA. Wee'le ſhuffle hard before he periſh.

Enter PHYLASTER, *Princeſſe*, BOY, *in priſon.*

PRIN. Nay, faith *Phylaſter*, grieue not, we are well.

BOY. Nay, good my Lord forbeare, we are wondrous well.

PHI. Oh *Arethuſa* and *Bellario*,

Leaue to be kinde, I ſhall be ſhut from heauen,
If you continue ſo, I am a man falſe to a paire
Of the trueſt ones that euer earth bore.
Can it beare vs all? forgiue me, and leaue me;
But the King hath ſent to call me to my death,
Oh ſhew it me, and then forget me: and for thee my boy,
I ſhall deliuer words, will mollifie the hearts of beaſts,
To ſpare thy innocence.

BOY. Alas, my Lord: My life is not a thing worthy
Your noble thoughts, tis not a life, tis but a peece
Of child-hood throwne away: ſhould I out liue you,
I ſhould out liue vertue and honour:
And when that day come, if euer I ſhall cloſe
Theſe eyes but once; may I liue ſpotted for my periurie,
And waſte by time to nothing.

PRIN. And I the wofulſt maide that euer liu'd,
Forc't with my hands to bring my Lord to death,
Do by the honour of a Virgin ſweare.
To tell no houre behind it.

PHI. Make me not hated ſo.

PRIN. Come from this priſon, all ioyfull to our deaths.

PHI. People will teare me, when they finde you true,
To ſuch a wretch as I, I ſhall die loath'd.
Inioy your Kingdome peaceably, whilſt I for euer ſleepe,
Forgotten with my faults. Euery iuſt maiden, euery maide in loue,
Will haue a peece of me, if you be true.

PRIN. My deereſt, ſay not ſo.

BOY. A peece of you, he was not borne of woman, that can cut it, and looke on.

PHI. Take me in teares betwixt you,
For my heart will breake with ſhame and ſorrow.

PRIN. Why? tis well.

BOY. Lament no more.

PHI. Why? what would you haue done?
If you had wrong'd me baſely, and had found
My life no whit compar'd to yours for loue,
Sirs, deale with me truely.

BOY. Twas

BOY. 'Twas miſtaken Sir.
PRIN. Why, if it were?
BOY. Then ſir we would haue askt you pardon.
PHI. And haue hope to inioy it.
PRIN. Inioy it, I.
PHI. Would you indeed? be plaine.
PRIN. We would my Lord.
PHI. Forgiue me then.
PRIN. So, ſo.
BOY. Tis as it ſhould be now.
PHI. Leade to my death. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King, LEON, CLE. TRA. *and a guard.*

KING. Gentlemen, who ſaw the Prince?
LEON. So pleaſe you Sir, he's gone to ſee the Citie,
And the new Plot-forme, with ſome Gentlemen
Attending on him.
KING. Is the Princeſſe ready to bring her priſoner out?
CLE. She waites your grace.
KING. Tell her we ſtay. *Exit* TRA.
LEON. King, you may be deceiu'd yet, the head you ayme at,
Coſt more ſetting on, then to loſe it ſo lightly: *aſide.*
If it muſt off like a wild ouer-flow, that ſoopes before him,
A golden ſtocke, and with it ſhakes downe bridges,
Cracks the ſtrong hearts of Pynes, whoſe cable rootes
Held out a thouſand ſtormes, a thouſand thunders,
And ſo made weightier, takes whole villages vpon his back,
And in the heate of pride charges ſtrong Townes,
Towers, Caſtels, Pallaces, and leaues them deſolate.
So ſhall thy head, thy noble head, bury the liues
Of thouſands, that muſt bleed with thee like a ſacrifice,
In thy red ruines.

Enter PHI. *Princeſſe,* BOY, *with a garland of flowers on's head.*

KING. How now, what maske is this?
BOY. Right royall Sir,
I ſhal ſing you an *Epethelamon*, but hauing loſt my beſt aires with my fortunes, and wanting a celeſtiall harpe to ſtrike this bleſſed vnyon; thus in glad ſtory I giue you all theſe two faire Cædor branches.

The nobleſt of the mountaines where they grew, ſtraighteſt and talleſt, vnder whoſe ſtill ſhades, the worthier beaſts haue made their layers, and ſlept free from the firuer of the *Serian* ſtarre, and the fell thunder-ſtroke, free from the Clouds, when they were big with humour, and deliuer in thouſand ſpouts, that iſſues to the earth: O there was none but ſilent quiet there, till neuer-pleaſed fortune ſhot vp ſhrubs baſe vnder branches, to deuour theſe branches, and for a while they did ſo, and did raigne ouer the Mountaine, and did choake vp his beauty with brakes, rud, thornes and thiſtles, till the Sunne ſcorcht them to the roote, and dride vm there, and now a gentle gaile has blowne againe, that made theſe branches meete and twine together, neuer to be vnwinde: The god that ſings his Number ore marriage beds, has knit their noble hearts, and heere they ſtand, your children, worthy king, and I haue done.

KING. How, how?

PRIN. Sir, if you loue it in plaine truth, for now there is no masking in't, this gentleman the priſoner that you gaue mee, is become my keeper.

And through all the bitter threats, your Iealouſies, and his ill fate, haue wrought him, thus nobly hath hee ſtrugled, and at length arriued here:

My deere husband.

KING. Your deere husband. Call in the Captaine of the Citadell, where you ſhall keepe your wedding, Ile prouide a maske ſhall make your Hymen turne his ſaffron into a ſullen coate, and ſing ſad requiems to your departing ſoules, blood ſhal put out your torches, and inſteed of gawdy flowers about your wanton necks, an Axe ſhall hang, like a prodigious Meteor, ready to crop your loues ſweetes. Heare you gods: From this time do I ſhake all title off of father to this woman, this baſe woman, and what there is of vengein a Lyon chaſt amongſt dogs, or rob'd of his deere young, the ſame inforc't more terrible, more mighty, looke from me.

PRIN. Sir, by that little life that I haue left to ſweare by,
There's nothing can ſtirre me from my ſelfe.
What I haue done, I haue done, without repntance,
For death to me can be no bugbare, as long as *Pharamond*,
Is not my headſ-man.

LEON. Sweete

LEON. Sweete peace vpon thy ſoule thou worthy maid,
When ere thou dieſt, for this time I'le excuſe thee ore by thy prologue.
PHI. Sir, let me ſpeake next,
And let my dying words be better with you
Then my dull liuing actions: If you aime at the life
Of this ſweete innocent, you are a tyrant and a ſauage monſter,
That feedes vpon the blood you gaue a life to,
Your memory ſhall be as foule behind you as you are liuing:
All your better deedes ſhall be in water writ;
But this in marble. No Chronicle ſhall ſpeake you,
Though your owne, but for a ſhame of men:
No Monument, though high and big as Pelion,
Shalbe able to couer this baſe murder, make it rich with braſſe,
Gold and ſhining Iaſper, like the Pyramides;
Lay on Epitaphes, ſuch as make great men gods,
My little Marble, that onely clothes my aſhes, not my faults,
Shall farre out ſhine it: and for after iſſues,
Thinke not ſo madly of the heauenly wiſedomes,
That they will giue you more, for your mad rage to cut off:
Vnleſſe it be ſome ſnake, or ſomething like your ſelfe,
That in his birth ſhall ſtrengle you: Remember my father king,
There was a fault, but I forgiue it, let that ſinne
Perſwade you to loue this Lady, if you haue a ſoule.
Thinke, ſaue her and be ſaued, for my ſelfe, I haue ſo long
Expected this glad houre, ſo languiſht vnder you,
And dayly withered, that by the gods, it is a ioy to die,
I finde a recreation in't.

Enter a Meſſenger.

MES. Where's the King?
KING. Heere.
MES. Get to your ſtrength,
And reſcue the Prince *Pharamont* from danger,
He's taken priſoner by the Citizens,
For the Lord *Phylaſter*.
LEON. O brane fellowes; Muteny my fine deere countrimen,

Muteny. Now my braue valiant formen, ſhow your weapons
In honour of your Miſtreſſes.

2 MES. Arme, arme, arme.

KING. A thouſand diuels take theſe Citizens.

LEON. A thouſand bleſſings on them.

MES. Arme, O king, the Citie is in Muteny.
Led by an old gray Ruffin, who comes on
In reſcue of the Lord *Phylaſter*.

KING. Away to the Citadell, I'le ſee them ſafe,
And then cope with theſe burgers, let the guard
And all the Gentlemen giue ſtrong attendance.

Exit King, Manet LEON, CLE. *and* TRA.

CLE. The Citie vp, this was aboue our wiſhes.

LEON. I, and the marriage too, by all the gods, this noble Lady has deceiued vs all, a plague vpon my ſelfe, a thouſand plagues, for hauing ſuch vnworthy thoughts of her deare Honor: O, I could beat my ſelfe, or doe you beat mee, and I'le beat you, for wee had all one thought.

CLE. No, no, 'twill but loſe time.

LEON. You ſay true, are your ſwords ſharpe: Well my deere Countrimen what you lackes, if you continue, and fall not Backe, vpon the firſt broken skin, I'le ſee you Chronicled, And Chronicled, and cut and Chronicled, and all to be prais'd, And ſung in ſonets, and bath'd in braue new ballads, That all tongues ſhall troule you in *Secula ſeculorum*, My kinde Countrimen.

TRA. What if a toy take vm i'th hee les now, and they run all away, and cry, the diuell take the hindmoſt.

LEON. Then the ſame diuell take the formoſt too, and ſawce him for his breakefaſt, if they all prooue cowards, my curſes fluſh amongſt vm, and ill ſpeeding: may they haue iniurious raine to keepe the Gentlemen at home in raſine freeze, may the moth branch their veluets, and their ſilkes onely bee worne before ſore eies, may their falſe lights vndoe vm, and diſcouer preaſes, holes, ſtaines, and oldneſſe in their ſtuffes, and make them ſhop-rid, may they keepe whoores, and horſes, and breake, and liue mued vp with necks of beefe and turnups; May they haue many children, and none

like

like the father, and know no language but that gibberiſh they prattle to their parſels, vnleſſe it be the gotiſh latine they write in their bonds, and may they write that falſe, and loſe their debts.

Enter the King.

KING. Now the vengeance of all the gods confound them,
How they ſwarme together, what a hum they raiſe.
Diuels choake your wide throates, if a man had needs
To vſe your valours, we muſt pay a brokadge for't,
And then bring on, and you will fight like ſheepe:
Tis *Phylaſter*, none but *Phylaſter* muſt allay this heate,
They will not heare me ſpeake, but fling durt at me,
And call me tyrant. O run deere friend, and bring the Lord
Phylaſter, ſpeake him well, call him Prince,
Do him all the courteſies you can, commend me to him,
Oh! my wits, my wits.

LEON. O my braue Citizens, as I liue I will not buy a pin
Out of your walls for this: nay, you ſhall coſen me,
And I'le thanke you, and ſend you brawne and bakon,
Euery long vocation; and foule ſhall come vp fat
And in braue liking.

KING. What they wil do with that poore Prince, the gods know, I feare.

LEON. Why, they'le flea him, and make Church buckets on's skin, to quench rebellion, then clap a reuit in's ſconce, and hang him vp for a ſigne.

Enter PHYLASTER.

KING. O worthy Sir, forgiue me: Do not make your miſeries
And my faults meete together, to bring a greater danger,
Be your ſelfe ſtill ſound amongſt diſeaſes, I haue wrong'd you,
And though I finde it laſt, and beaten to't,
Let me your goodneſſe know, calme the people, and be
What you were born to, take your loue, & with her my repentance,
All my wiſhes, and all my prayers, by the gods,
My heart ſpeakes all this, and if the leaſt fall from me,

Not perform'd, may I be ſtrooke with thunder.
PHI. Mighty Sir, I will not doe your greatneſſe ſo much wrong,
As not to make your word truth, free the Princeſſe and the boy,
And let me ſtand the ſhock of this mad ſea-breach,
Which I'le either turne, or periſh with it.
KING. Let your owne word free her.
PHI. Then thus I take my leaue, kiſſing your hand,
And hanging on your noble word, be Kingly,
And be not moou'd Sir, I ſhall bring you peace,
Or neuer bring my ſelfe back.
KING. Now all the gods go with thee.

Enter an olde Captaine, with a crew of Citizens, leading PHARAMONT *priſoner.*

CAP. Come my braue Mermedons, ſal on, let your caps ſwarm, & your nimble tongues forget your gibriſh, of what you lack, and ſet your mouthes ope' children, till your pallats fall frighted halfe a fathom paſt the cure of bay-ſalt & groſſe pepper; and then crie *Phylaſter*, braue *Phylaſter*. Let *Phylaſter* be deep in requeſt, my ding-a-dings, my paire of deare Indentures: King of clubs, thē your cut-water-chamlets, and your painting: let not your haſty ſilkes, deerly belouers of Cuſtards & Cheeſcakes, or your branch cloth of bodkins, or your tyffenies, your robbin-hood ſcarlet and Iohns, tie your affections in durance to your ſhops, my dainty duckers, vp with your three pil'd ſpirits, that rightvalourous, and let your accute colours make the King to feele the meaſure of your mightineſſe; *Phylaſter*, cry, my roſe nobles, cry.
OMNES. *Phylaſter, Phylaſter.*
CAP. How doe you like this, my Lord priſoner?
Theſe are mad boyes I can tell you,
Theſe bee things that will not ſtrike top-ſayle to a Foyſt,
And let a Man of warre, an Argoſea,
Stoope to carry coales.
PHAR. Why, you damn'd ſlaues, doe you know who I am?
CAP. Yes, my pretie Prince of puppits, we do know, and giue you gentle warning, you talke no more ſuch hugs words, leſt that ſod-

den

den Crowne ſhould be ſcracht with a muſket; deare Prince pippin, I'le haue you codled, let him looſe my ſpirits, and make a ring with your bils my hearts: Now let mee ſee what this braue man dares doe: note ſir, haue at you with this waſhing blow, here I lie, doe you huffe ſweete Prince? I could hock your grace, and hang you croſſe leg'd, like a Hare at a Poulters ſtall; and do thus.

PHAR. Gentlemen, honeſt Gentlemen ——

1 SOVL. A ſpeakes treaſon Captaine, ſhal's knock him downe?

CAP. Hold, I ſay.

2 SOVL. Good Captaine let me haue one mal at's mazard, I feele my ſtomacke ſtrangely prouoked to bee at his Spaniſh pot-nowle, ſhal's kill him?

OMNES. I, kill him, kill him.

CAP. Againe I ſay hold.

3 SOVL. O how ranke he lookes, ſweete Captaine let's geld him, and ſend his dowſets for a diſh to the Burdello.

4 SOVL. No, let's rather ſell them to ſome woman Chymiſt, that extractions, ſhee might draw an excellent prouocatiue oyle from vſet hthem, that might be very vſefull.

CAP. You ſee, my ſcuruy Don, how precious you are in eſteem amongſt vs, had you not beene better kept at home, I thinke you had: muſt you needes come amongſt vs, to haue your ſaffron hide raw'd as wee intend it? My Don, *Phylaſter* muſt ſuffer death to ſatisfie your melancholly ſpleene, he muſt my Don, he muſt; but we your Phyſitians, hold it fit that you bleede for it: Come my robuſticks, my braue regiment of rattle makers, let's cal a common cornuted counſell, and like graue Senators, beare vp our brancht creſts, in ſitting vpon the ſeuerall cortures we ſhall put him to, and with as little ſenſe as may be, put your wils in execution.

SOME CRIES. Burne him, burne him.

OTHERS. Hang him, hang him. *Enter* PHYLASTER.

CAP. No, rather let's carbinade his cods-head, and cut him to collops: ſhall I begin?

PHI. Stay your furies my louing Countrimen.

OMNES. *Phylaſter* is come, *Phylaſter*, *Phylaſter*.

CAP. My porcupines of ſpite, make roome I ſay, that I may ſalute my braue Prince: and is Prince *Phylaſter* at liberty?

PHI. I am, moſt louing countrimen.

CAP. Then giue me thy Princely goll, which thus I kiſſe, to whom I crouch and bow; But ſee my royall ſparke, this head-ſtrong ſwarme that follow me humming like a maſter Bee, haue I led forth their Hiues, and being on wing, and in our heady flight, haue ſeazed him ſhall ſuffer for thy wrongs.

OMNES. I, I, let's kill him, kill him.

PHI. But heare me, Countrimen.

CAP. Heare the Prince, I ſay, heare *Phylaſter.*

OMNES. I, I, heare the Prince, heare the Prince.

PHI. My comming is to giue you thankes, my deere Countrimen, whoſe powerfull ſway hath curb'd the proſſecuting fury of my foes.

OMNES. We will curb vm, we will curb vm.

PHI. I finde you will,
But if my intreſt in your loues be ſuch,
As the world takes notice of, Let me craue
You would deliuer *Pharamont* to my hand,
And from me accept this *Giues vm his purſe.*
Teſtimonie of my loue.
Which is but a pittance of thoſe ample thankes,
Which ſhall redowne with ſhowred courteſies.

CAP. Take him to thee braue Prince, and we thy bounty thankefully accept, and will drinke thy health, thy perpetuall health my Prince, whilſt memory laſts amongſt vs, we are thy Mermidons, my *Achillis*: we are thoſe will follow thee, and in thy ſeruice will ſcowre our ruſty murins and our bill-bow-blades, moſt noble *Phylaſter*, we will: Come my rowtiſts let's retyer till occaſion calls vs to attend the noble *Phylaſter.*

OMNES. *Phylaſter, Phylaſter, Phylaſter.*

Exit CAPTAINE, *and Citizens.*

PHAR. Worthy ſir, I owe you a life,
For but your ſelfe theres nought could haue preuail'd.

PHI. Tis the leaſt of ſeruice that I owe the King,
Who was carefull to preſerue ye. *Exit.*

Enter LEON, TRASILINE, *and* CLERIMON.

TRA. I euer thought the boy was honeſt.

LEON. Well,

LEON. Well, tis a braue boy Gentlemen.
CLE. Yet you'ld not beleeue this.
LEON. A plague on my forwardneſſe, what a villaine was I, to wrong vm ſo; a miſchiefe on my muddy braines, was I mad?
TRA. A little frantick in your raſh attempt, but that was your loue to *Phylaſter*, ſir.
LEON. A pox on ſuch loue, haue you any hope my countinance will ere ſerue me to looke on them?
CLE. O very well Sir.
LEON. Very ill Sir, vds death, I could beate out my braines, or hang my ſelfe in reuenge.
CLE. There would be little gotten by it, ene keepe you as ye are.
LEON. An excellent boy, Gentlemen beleeue it, harke the King is comming, *Cornets ſounds.*

Enter the King, Princeſſe, GALLATEA, MEGRA, BELLARIO, *a Gentlewoman, and other attendants.*

K. No newes of his returne,
Will not this rable multitude be appeas'd?
I feare their outrage, leſt it ſhould extend
With dangering of *Pharamonts* life.

Enter PHILASTER *with* PHARAMONT.

LEON. See Sir, *Phylaſter* is return'd.
PHI. Royall Sir,
Receiue into your boſome your deſired peace,
Thoſe diſcontented mutineares be appeaſde,
And this fortaigne Prince in ſafety.
K. How happie am I in thee *Phylaſter*?
Whoſe excellent vertues begets a world of loue,
I am indebted to thee for a Kingdome.
I here ſurrender vp all Soueraignetie,
Raigne peacefully with thy eſpouſed Bride, *Deliuers his Crowne*
Aſhume my Son to take what is thy due. *to him.*
PHA. How Sir, yer ſon, what am I then, your Daughter you gaue to me.

KIN. But heauen hath made aſsignement vnto him,
And brought your contract to anullity:
Sir, your entertainment hath beene moſt faire,
Had not your hell-bred luſt dride vp the ſpring,
From whence flow'd forth thoſe fauours that you found:
I am glad to ſee you ſafe, let this ſuffice,
Your ſelfe hath croſt your ſelfe.
LEON. They are married ſir.
PHAR. How married? I hope your highneſſe will not vſe me ſo,
I came not to be diſgraced, and returne alone.
KING. I cannot helpe it ſir.
LEON. To returne alone, you neede not ſir,
Here is one will beare you company,
You know this Ladies proofe, if you
Fail'd not in the ſay-taging.
MEL. I hold your ſcoffes in vildeſt baſe contempt,
Or is there ſaid or done, ought I repent,
But can retort euen to your grinning teeths,
Your worſt of ſpights, tho Princeſſe lofty ſteps
May not be tract, yet may they tread awry,
That boy there ----
BEL. If to me ye ſpeake Lady,
I muſt tell you, youhaue loſt your ſelfe
In your too much forwardneſſe, and hath forgot
Both modeſty and truth, with what impudence
You haue throwne moſt damnable aſpertions
On that noble Princeſſe and my ſelfe: witneſſe the world;
Behold me ſir. *Kneeles to* LEON, *and diſcouers her haire.*
LEON. I ſhould know this face; my daughter.
BEL. The ſame ſir.
PRIN. How, our ſometime Page, *Bellario*, turn'd woman?
BEL. Madame, the cauſe induc't me to transforme my ſelfe,
Proceeded from a reſpectiue modeſt
Affection I bare to my my Lord,
The Prince *Phylaſter*, to do him ſeruice,
As farre from any laciuious thought,
As that Lady is farre from go odneſſe,

And

And if my true intents may be beleeued,
And from your Highneſſe Madame, pardon finde,
You haue the truth.
PRIN. I doe beleeue thee, *Bellario* I ſhall call thee ſtill.
PHI. The faithfulleſt ſeruant that euer gaue attendance.
LEON. Now Lady luſt, what ſay you to'th boy now;
Doe you hang the head, do ye, ſhame would ſteale
Into your face, if ye had grace to entertaine it,
Do ye ſlinke away?

Exit MEGRA *hiding her face.*

KING. Giue preſent order ſhe be baniſht the Court,
And ſtraightly confinde till our further
Pleaſure is knowne.
PHAR. Heres ſuch an age of transformation, that I doe not know how to truſt my ſelfe, I'le get me gone to: Sir, the diſparagement you haue done, muſt be cald in queſtion. I haue power to right my ſelfe, and will.

Exit PHARAMONT.

KING. We feare ye not ſir.
PHI. Let a ſtrong conuoy guard him through the Kingdome,
With him, let's part with all our cares and feare,
And Crowne with ioy our happy loues ſucceſſe.
KING. Which to make more full, Lady *Gallatea*,
Let honour'd *Clerimont* acceptance finde
In your chaſt thoughts.
PHI. Tis my ſute too.
PRIN. Such royall ſpokeſ-men muſt not be deni'd.
GAL. Nor ſhall not, Madame.
KING. Then thus I ioyne your hands.
GAL. Our hearts were knit before. *They kiſſe.*
PHI. But tis you Lady, muſt make all compleat,
And giues a full perod to content,
Let your loues cordiall againe reuiue,

The drooping ſpirits of noble *Traſilene*.
What ſaies Lord *Leon* to it?
LEON. Marry my Lord I ſay, I know ſhe once lou'd him,
At leaſt made ſhew ſhe did,
But ſince tis my Lord *Phylaſters* deſire,
I'le make a ſurrender of all the right
A father has in her; here take her ſir,
With all my heart, and heauen giue you ioy.
KING. Then let vs in theſe nuptuall feaſtes to hold,
Heauen hath decreed, and Fate ſtands vncontrold.

FINIS.

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PHYLASTER.

Or, Loue lyes a Bleeding.

Acted at the Globe by his Maieſties Seruants.

Written by { *Francis Baymont* and *Iohn Fletcher.* } Gent.

Printed at *London* for *Thomas walkley*, and are to be ſold at his

The Actors Names.

KING of Cecely
ARATHVSA, the Princesse.
PHYLASTER.
PHARAMONT, a Spanish Prince,
LEON, a Lord.
GLERMON } Two Noble Gentlemen.
TRASILIN }
BELLARIO a Page, LEONS daughter.
GALLATEA, a Lady of Honor.
MEGRA, another Lady.
A Waiting Gentlewoman.
Two Woodmen.
A Countrey Gallant.
An old Captaine.
And Souldiers.
A Messenger.

PHYLASTER.

Hoe 110.

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